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STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

By Chas. T. Congdon.

["Recollections of a Journalist."]

I had grave doubts about going to Stratford-upon-Avon, partly because, if I did so, I was sure of certain disillusions, and partly because it is never best to work up enthusiasms with purpose prepense. But I had a Sunday to spare, was in need of rest after the weariness of sight-seeing, and imagined that Stratford-upon-Avon, which, apart from its Shakespearean associations, is nothing but a dull little English town, might be as good a place to rest in as any. I had the other reason for going there, whatever it might be worth, that my ancestors upon one side came from that neighborhood. Stratford, as we will hereafter call it for the sake of brevity, is little more than one long street and has hardly 5,000 inhabitants. In Shakespeare's time it was probably much smaller and more rural. It is surrounded by hills, below which it nestles sleepily and cosily. At this point the Avon broadens and makes the meadows through which it runs verdant and fertile. I at once recalled Gray's allusion in his Pindaric, "The Progress of Poesy:" "Far from the sun and Summer gale, In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid." The Avon at its broadest and best is what we in America would consider rather a slender stream. But very small streams may become widely and permanently famous; the Ilissus, for instance, of which that piquant traveler, Sir Francis Head, says: "I have repeatedly walked across it in about twenty seconds, without wetting my ankles." The poets, clever fellows, many of whom have never seen it, have lavished all the pleasant and available adjectives upon the Avon. Gray calls it "lucid;" Garrick calls it "a silver stream;" and the great poet has at least twice or three times been spoken of as "The Bard of Avon." I went to Stratford with the theory that I should be able to discover natural peculiarities which had left their form and color on the poet's pages. To some extent I was not disappointed. I thought that this charming picture of country seclusion came from pleasant memories of his boyhood, and that I could see why he was excellent always in writing of trees and of rivers. All in him that is lucolic has a perfect accuracy—the Forest of Arden, the Wood near Athens, Windsor, and the like pleasant places.

These and other things came into my thoughts as I strolled across the meadows toward Shottery, where still stands the cottage in which Shakespeare wooed and won Ann Hathaway—or rather to speak more accurately—in which she wooed and won him. Of the personality of the poet our information is meagre to irritation, but of his wife we know still less. I believe there is not the least direct evidence extant to show what manner of woman she was. We only know that when they were married he was not nineteen years old and she was twenty-six. I fancy there was not much joy over the nuptials at Shottery, where she lived, or at the house of honest John Shakespeare, in Henley street, Stratford. But I must say that a prettier spot for love-making than Shottery could hardly be found anywhere. The cottage is approached by a long lane, and is in a secluded spot. It is an old structure, two stories high, one end facing the road, and timbered and plastered like the Shakespearean home in town. I cannot say how glad I was that there had been no attempt to make it smart and spruce, for the repairs and restorations of the house in the village have come unpleasantly near to spoiling it. Outside it is altogether too trig and neat, though the interior was harder to ruin. The Hathaway cottage is still as picturesque as anything of the kind; and I did not wonder to find a German gentleman with a long beard sketching it carefully. Little children were running in and out at the wicket gate; and over all was a sky blue and bright as only an English sky can be when upon its good behavior.

It was upon some such day as this, I thought, in 1580 or 1581, a fine, lithe, active young fellow may have taken his way across these fields, dreaming of his rather elderly Dulcinea as boys will; then getting into trouble; then in 1582 marrying her, perhaps as a mere matter of honor, and with no great relish by that time for such a wife. It is doubtful whether much happiness could come of such enforced nuptials. If Shakespeare had been happy at Stratford, he might have stayed there all his life, dreaming dreams, but doing nothing for their perpetuation. His plays show how great was his dislike of shrewishness in woman; he certainly did not care to have his wife with him in London; and the fact that he forgot altogether at first to mention her in his will, and then, without any expression of affection, only interlined a bequest to her of "his brown best bed with the furniture," is rather a pregnant one. It has been suggested that she would be entitled to dower in his freeholds, and to freebench in his copyholds, if the custom of the manor gave it. But apart from the uncertainty, I do not think that this betters the matter much. There are, it is true, no expressions of affection in the will for anybody; but when Shakespeare remembered the poor of Stratford, and Mr. John Nash, and Mr. William Walker, he might have remembered his wife, and given her "the brown best bed and the furniture" with some little last word of tenderness. I own, however, that in this, as in so many other particulars of Shakespeare's life, we are left almost altogether at the mercy of conjecture. The internal evidence of his plays goes for nothing. He undoubtedly delineated shrews admirably in his works, but so he did many a loving wife and graceful, amiable woman. But no good can come of speculation about the woman. If the premises are so meagre, what substantial conclusions are we to expect? When Shakespeare went back to Stratford, he undoubtedly lived with his wife, and she survived him several years, enjoying, let us hope "the brown best bed with the furniture." We know hardly anything of her, and are not likely ever to know more. The whole Shakespearean biography is a mystery, and a miracle of meagreness; but such as it is, we must be content with it. Fortunately, this has not prevented the publication of a great number of thick volumes on the subject, which are entertaining reading, and instructive, though not in the way which their authors intended, and most comfortable as a constant incentive to collectors of Shakespeareana.

I may mention here that everybody in Stratford is a guide as to points of local interest. Pilgrims have not been coming there for a century and a half for nothing. When I asked a little tow-headed boy the way to Ann Hathaway's cottage, he knew just what I wanted to see, and the most direct way to it. I am afraid if I had asked him what he thought of the secret of Hamlet or of the authorship of Timon of Athens, that he would have looked at me astounded, and only have answered "Which?" or "Who?" At the hotel, they are so accustomed to being interrogated by tourists that they can always give you the best information. In the shops are offered for sale various souvenirs of Shakespeare, and I bought quite an assortment of crockery decorated with local views. In fact, the town almost lives upon the fame of the great dramatist. But for him, nobody would think of going there, for there are scores of places much prettier and more attractive in themselves.

I was particularly fortunate in my visits to the church in which Shakespeare is buried. It stands, as the general reader need hardly be informed, close by the Avon; is surrounded by graves; and the fine old trees in which it is embosomed are full of rooks whose ancestors Shakespeare probably listened to, and who kept up a perpetual cawing as if to welcome the traveler from faraway America. For it was upon one of the sweetest of Summer Sundays that I saw the interesting spot. The church, which is an old cruciform structure, has been carefully restored; and, for a wonder, it has not been spoiled. It was bright but not dazzling; neat but not prim; and the choral service was about the best of the kind which I heard in England. The congregation seemed to be thoroughly familiar with the music; even the little children joined in it with their sweet, innocent voices; the choir-boys were beautifully trained; and the priests, of whom there were two, intoned with great skill; through the stained-glass windows the sunlight came streaming; the people were of all classes; and all of them were decent and devout. The sermon was a plain, honest and sensible discourse; and the last prayers, which were sung in some distant part of the church, were highly impressive. All the service had the best features of the modern ritualism, about which so much is said wisely and unwisely in these latter days—the ancient ritualism, as I suppose its admirers would reverently call it. When the time came for the preacher to go from the altar to the pulpit, the gowned beadle marched before him carrying his staff of office in his hand. I am somewhat particular in describing this service, because I suppose that by some spectators it would have been regarded as ritualistic, whereas it was simply the old English choral service, quiet, tender and devout. I could understand, while I listened to it, why Shakespeare is always so full of reverence whenever he makes allusion to sacred things, and why most of his priests are good men. So we went out of the church, when the service was over, and into the old churchyard; and then back again with the beadle for a closer inspection of the poet's monument, and of the bust which Malone whitewashed so stupidly. Then I fell into a train of reflection, with much of which I need not trouble the reader. To me the miracle of Shakespeare's genius and production appeared more wondrous than ever, as I stood near his bones and walked over the very ground which his footsteps had so often pressed. The more I thought of it the more of a mystery it seemed to me. Here was a young man born of plain parents in a small country town; educated in the grammar school of the neighborhood, but in spite of all arguments to the contrary, probably not particularly well educated; drifting apparently by mere accident into the dramatic profession; going to London, his majority scarcely attained; writing there all those wonderful plays, and so back to Stratford, with a competence, to die soon after. Of his social habits, of his personal character, of his methods of composition we know hardly anything. All is tradition; almost all is conjecture; so that men have run into the wildest theories about his plays, and I fancy will continue to do so until the end of the world. There can be no limit to biographical guesswork when there is such a lack of biographical detail, only it seems time to bridle a little the ideality of comment when we reach the strange surmise that he did not write his own plays. As I stood in the Stratford churchyard the querulous rooks above me seemed to be a convocation of commentators noisily propounding their guesses and glosses, and challenging the world to refute their wonderful theories. They were quite as sensible as old Thomas Rymer or as William Cobbett, the only two men who have had the audacity to declare that Shakespeare was a bad writer and not a person of genius at all. I remember how poor Miss Bacon came down to Stratford and tried to pass the night in the church, that she might gather fresh inspiration for the defence of her doctrine that Lord Bacon wrote this play and Sir Walter Raleigh that, and that sweet Will did not write any of them.

We took our ease and our dinner that day at the Red Horse Inn, a snug and comfortable tavern, which Washington Irving has rendered famous in his account of his visit to Stratford, so that all good Americans go there as a matter of patriotism. They show you, if you ask for it, the room which he occupied, and which is decorated with his portrait. I had some zoological choice, for there was the White Lion, but I preferred the animal with the normal color. We saw, of course, the other lions, and particularly the house in which Shakespeare was born, and which all the world is familiar. It is now in a somewhat unpleasantly perfect state, having been restored, if I may say so, within an inch of its life, so that it will probably last for another five hundred years, when I suppose that it will be restored again. Perhaps there is not a house in all the world, at least of a private character, which has been visited by so many people from so many different parts of the world. We did not see the house in which the man Shakespeare lived and died, for the excellent reason that it has been pulled down.

Everybody has heard of the Rev. Francis Gaskill, who was its last owner, and who has been put in a pillory for all time for an act of astonishing vandalism. The Reverend Francis may have been a perfectly pious man, but he grew tired of the lion-hunters who came to his house to see Shakespeare's mulberry tree. He took a short, effective way of abating the nuisance, for he laid the axe to the root of that tree and cut it down. This was in 1756; afterward he completed the irreverent work by pulling down the house, having had a quarrel with the magistrates about the assessment. And that is why you do not see the house in which the retired player lived, and in which he certainly wrote at least one, if not more of his plays. So the hot-tempered divine has achieved an immortality of a certain kind, and will be remembered so long as Hamlet is read or Othello played, which is quite long enough to satisfy any one not particularly fond of the execration of his race. Just think of being unpleasantly mentioned by a long succession of tourists for century after century! To be sure, the mulberry-tree would have been dead long ago through natural decay; but New Place might have lasted until our time, and would have been a source of perpetual interest because nearer to the personality of Shakespeare, the man as we remember him, than the house in Henley street, in which he was born.

I could not help thinking as I strolled about Stratford that Shakespeare was at the same time the most fortunate and most unfortunate of literary characters. It may be that in some respects he has gained rather than lost by an almost complete ignorance of his personal character and history; but it was a hard fate that his immortal works should have been so badly printed. The seventeen quartos were not edited at all, and the text is frightfully corrupt. The first folio was printed in the same careless way. Now, if the first imprint of the plays has been carefully edited, by Shakespeare himself, with the proof read by a competent proof-reader, what a mass of books, critical, conjectural, emendatory, we might have been saved! What heaps of nonsense! What crazy suppositions! What never-ending, still-beginning improvements of the text! As the matter stands it is utterly impossible that we should ever be sure. As battles-royal have raged in the past so they must rage in the future. Each new editor will bring his notions, and most of the commentators will feel it a moral duty to contribute some new correction! So men will go on until the end of time, and there will be a perpetual succession of new editors. Add to this a criticism which is not verbal, but moral or æsthetic, and we see what awaits the Shakespearean collector of the next age who shall undertake to possess himself of everything written upon the subject—everything good and bad and indifferent! And if it were possible, I should very much like to know what Shakespeare himself would think of all this. To say the least he would be very much astonished, and find a need for all his philosophy.

After a long day spent in sight-seeing, I went to bed as much tired, I may venture to say, as any man in Warwickshire. If I were not a writer of the strictest veracity, I might tell what visions came to me in my sleep. I might recount how pale-faced Hamlet passed before me; how Othello went raging up and down the scene, and how Iago sneered and hinted in his ear, and poor Desdemona sought in vain for mercy at the hands of her furious lord; how Macbeth strode about my chamber grasping at the air-drawn dagger, and how his wife washed her little blood-stained hand; how I heard the last sigh of love-lorn Juliet and the last kiss of Romeo; while with sobs and death-groans, the laughter of Falstaff, the gay jests of Mercutio, the biting sarcasm of Benedick, were mingled. I might say that a long procession of kings and queens swept through the room; how I heard Richard crying for another horse, and wretched Lear wailing over the corpse of Cordelia. But I scorn to be otherwise than accurate. I saw nothing and I heard nothing of the kind; and was sleeping the dreamless sleep of the just, when somebody rapped at my door, and reminded me that I was to take an early train.

A NEW IDEA FOR READERS.

By Charles Barnard.

There has appeared within the last five years a number of persons whose duty it is to amuse and instruct, by reading or reciting before large audiences such poems and stories as they thought the public might like to hear. It does not appear particularly meritorious to do this. In a nation of readers, why should we have public readers who read the very thing we have at home in books?

Now, it happens that those professional readers are men and women of wit and beauty. Anyone can read aloud, but these do so with a finer grace, and we pay our half-dollars with a beautiful cheerfulness to have them do precisely what we can do ourselves. If we ever do read aloud, the dog crawls under the piano or howls in dismay, and all our friends are sad. When these read, thousands listen with absorbing interest to something they know by heart, or are dumb with awe over some truly remarkable rendering of "The Bells."

These readers having established themselves in public favor, it may not be amiss to ask what they are going to do about it. They assume to entertain us, and as we are more than willing to be entertained, and pay for it too, we would like to know what they intend to read. By "we" is here meant the great and general public that buys its ticket to the readings. We have heard the "The Raven" and "The Bells" about five million times (all of us), Shakespeare quite as often, and all the other good things more or less times. Our literary people, our poets and story writers, write for books and magazines, and the readers pick out these and give the best to the public, so that every time they read we hear something we have heard or read ourselves before, and all their pieces are in a certain sense at second-hand. Why has it never occurred to the readers to give us something new and directly from the writers?

I have made a discovery. It has occurred to them, or rather to one in particular, I might say a bright, particular star among them all. She gave me her plans in New York, a short time since, and they are so bright and original (just like herself) that I venture to place them before you as an entirely new idea. Then, if you are indulgent, I would like to offer an idea of my own, or rather an amplification of her ideas.

Said she: "I read in public. That's my special means of making money. Now, next season I propose to read, if I can get them, nothing but original pieces written for me, and only to be used in my readings. I shall copyright each piece according to law. I shall put on my programme, 'all rights reserved,' with a gentle warning to all who might take down and print or read any of my pieces, of the pains and penalties of the law that will follow any such attempt to steal my property."

There was nothing to be done but to say to the young lady that her scheme was a stroke of genius, which was the truth.

I have some doubts if Miss C—— fully comprehended the full scope of her plans. Practically, the idea is of the utmost value to the readers, to the writers and the public. While it is true something of this kind has been tried before, particularly in France, I must give Miss C—— the credit of first thinking it all out in detail and in a commercial or business aspect, and of going resolutely about its actual accomplishment.

Let us look at this from the standpoint of the reader, the writer and the listener. Professional readers are, as a class, persons of brains, culture and ability. They are acquainted with the entire range of literature suitable for reading, and, better still, they know or can find out what the public wishes to hear. The reader's aim is to please, and to find out what will please he pursues a course of judicious experimenting. He tries his pieces on his public, and can generally tell in one reading whether a poem or story pleases or not. If it "takes," as they say, he repeats it an indefinite number of times. If it is received coldly or in silence, he does not read that piece any more. Now, by reason of the very small number of poems or stories that are adapted to public reading, or, at least, that the puplic is willing to hear, it seems as if the readers had actually exhausted the entire field of English literature. They have not, yet it is a fact that their programmes have become monotonous and wearisome, and unless they can find something besides Shakespeare and "The Bells" it is quite possible the listening public will stay at home or save their money for the circus.

For the readers this idea of having all their pieces written for them, of owning the copyright and holding the work in manuscript, is of the greatest value, They could thus have something fresh each season, and they would be in the position of the successful preacher. To hear his sermons you must hear him. Suppose, for a moment, some good reader could have bought a manuscript copy—in fact, the only copy—of "The One Horse Shay," and had never allowed it to be printed. How many times could he read it, and for how many years? I should think it would easily run two hundred nights a year for ten years at paying prices every night, and at the end of that time it would still command a high price for publication in some magazine. Manuscript plays run for years. Why not programmes of manuscript poems and stories?

Readers, as they now carry on their business, are in precisely the position of those theatres who give printed plays. There is no copyright on them; anybody can give them, and it requires the genius of a Booth or a Neilson to make them profitable. If a reader owned his pieces, the public, to hear the author, would be forced to buy a seat, and the more popular the pieces the higher the price that could be demanded for the reading. I am aware that some readers, lacking Miss C——'s courage, will raise an objection to this idea. This objection springs from a misunderstanding of the character of a piece suitable for reading, but it can be overcome, as I shall presently show. One thing is certain: some such plan as this must be adopted if the readers wish to keep their public. The listening public wants something new. It likes the readers, but it is weary of the things they read.

For the literary men, the writers of short poems and stories, this idea would open a new market and give them an advantage they never have while they print their work. It would bring them face to face with their auditors. They could attend the reading and see just how their work was received. They would learn in one night just what pleased and what failed to please. They would have the pleasure of hearing their own works and the applause that followed the reading. It would be a school of praise and criticism of the greatest possible value. They would see why certain things failed to impress their public, and they would get a true, honest and fair opinion from a critic—the public—that can never be bought, and never makes a mistake. It would place the poet and story writer in exactly the position of the dramatic author on the first night of his new play. It would encourage and help the men and women of real ability, and rapidly kill off the feeble and the incompetent. Besides all this, the reader could, by a proper system of royalties, pay far more than any publisher.

For the lyceum-going public the idea is full of cheering hope. At last there will be an end to "The Bells." Lecture committees will hail the reader who comes with his own pieces indorsed by success, with open arms and a check in advance. Imagine a poster like this on every dead-wall in town: "Miss Vocalli, the world-renowned reader, will recite Bret Harte's new and thrilling story of the Sierras, written expressly for her at an expense of five thousand dollars, and entitled 'The Romance of Wing Dam Hollow,' and already given before half a million delighted listeners. Copyright 1900. All rights reserved." The reader of miscellaneous selections would probably cry her eyes out over empty benches in the same town and her manager pawn his trunk to pay for the hall rent rent, while the Vocalli's manager pocketed the checks and signed new contracts. No greater attraction could be offered by readers than new pieces written for them by our best authors, and the public would be sure to indorse it liberally.

Two objections will be raised to this idea by the readers. First, the difficulty of getting suitable pieces written, and the danger of buying pieces only to find that they are not acceptable to the public. It is true, stories written for publication are not often adapted for reading. The writer must study reading and adapt himself to the wants of the reader and the necessities and limitations of the platform. How to do this does not admit of discussion. For the other objections it must be observed that it cannot be expected that the writers shall demand pay till the work has been read, at least, once in public. If on due and proper presentation the piece falls flat, let the author take it back for revision or the waste basket, and without pay. On the other hand, if the work is a success, the higher should be the price, the larger the royalties to be paid every time the piece is given. If the writer of great reputation demands a retaining fee in advance, let this be taken out of the royalties or from the lump sum paid for the work after it has proved a success. Really successful pieces that were read a hundred times or more would always sell (just as they do in Paris) for publication, and in this way the reader would receive a part of his investment, the publisher would be assured of a success, and the reading public get a copy of its favorite pieces.

When Garrick First Acted.

A shadowy memory of the stage still hangs about the neighborhood of Goodman's Fields in the shape of a small house entered from Leman street, and called the Garrick Theatre. Hither we were drawn not long ago by a sentiment of wonder and admiration at the power which could turn the wit and rank of London from its accustomed channels. The way there lies through thoroughfares bearing ancient names, and still retaining occasional traces of their antiquity. Here an old house with protruding stories and venerable gables, there some remnant of a king's palace; across the road an inn, with tiers of old-fashioned galleries and inner corridors looking down upon the yard and roomy stables; or, again, some token in the wall of a house marking the site of one of the city gates, or the position of some old watch-house, all tend to dispose the willing mind to invest with a classical interest objects that in more familiar and more modern neighborhoods would seem unworthy of attention. Here, for example, a quaint, low-roofed shop with square window divided into small square panes, through which little else could be seen than cheap periodicals and tissue-paper catalogues of cheap popular songs, yet looked as if it might be a repository of antiquated gossip and decaying traditions. The garrulous old lady bending over her stick, who hobbled out of an inner room upon our entrance, was so eager, so voluble, and so emphatic in her replies, that we felt we were losing information of precious worth by not understanding all that she said; especially as we gathered enough to make it clear that a tradition of Garrick's triumph was not extinct in those regions, and that it was her firm conviction that the present structure stood upon the very ground where, to use her words, "Garrick, poor fellow, used to act." Even the dingy little theatre itself, when we entered it, was continually suggesting reflection, sometimes by a point of similarity, sometimes by a point of contrast with its prototype. In Giffard's Theatre there were three prices of admission—1s., 2s., and 3s.—to the gallery, pit, and boxes. We found a similar division existing in the Garrick Theatre, but the audience had been enticed thither by the reduced fares of 2d., 4d., and 6d. Where reality looked down upon a swarm of hulking men and noisy restless boys, and around upon the few poor occupants of the boxes, fancy called up brilliancy of color, the buzz of criticism, jewelry glittering in the candle-light, the flutter of fans, and murmured tones and soft laughter. Could such an audience as that before us be moved by a Garrick, if one were again to arise, or could its enthusiasm send the wave of rumor vibrating to the opposite extreme of London? It struck us as an odd coincidence that the play should be preceded by a miscellaneous concert; but that orchestra consisting of a battered piano, a fiddle, a trumpet, and a drum, was much more primitive than that which accompanied Giffard's "pretext," while to match the play, and the acting thereof, it would be surely necessary to go back to the days when the inn-yard was the home of the stage.

DRAMA IN THE STATES.

DOINGS OF PLAYER FOLK ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

Mirror Letter-List.

The NEW YORK MIRROR has a department for the reception and forwarding of letters. Members of the Profession can register their names and addresses and have their mail matter forwarded daily, free of charge, saving delay. Only such letters are advertised as require stamps, or where the address is unknown.

A. O. Mrs.	Jackson, Minnie
Ackerman, Irene	Jefferson, Chas. (2)
Allen, Eloise	Jarrett, H. C. Esq. (2)
Brand, Michael	Kenyon, Miss Lida
Brown, Harry M. (3)	Kiralfy Bros.
Barrett, Lawrence (3)	Levanion, Alfred
Belden, Clara	Leonard, John F.
Blanchett, C. E.	Lotta.
Boissert, M. Armand	Loane, Josie.
Carroll, J. W. (2)	Long, J. N.
Cavendish, Ada	Lawrence, A.
Cone, Spencer	Mackay, F. F. (2)
Chandos, Alice	McCullough, John (2)
Church, Edw. A.	Mitchell, W. C.
Comley & Bartin.	Murray, John
Claxton, Kate.	Mitchell, Maggie (2)
Clarke, Harry	McKay, Andy
Clifford, Edwin	McDonough, E. M.
Darcey, Marion.	Montgomery, Mr.
Dobson, Frank	Morton, Charles
De Castro, M.	Mordaunt, G.
Davis, C. L. (2)	Neilson, A.
De Estee, Helen	Palmer, Miss Minnie
Dunn, Julia E.	Pierce, Miss Emma
Emmet, J. K.	Powers, W. H.
Elmore, Florence	Putnam, Katie.
Evelyn, Miss Charl'a	Pixley, Annie
Fuller, George	Ransone, J. W.
Florence, W. J.	Raymond, J. T. (2)
Gayler, Frank (2)	Reade, E.
Gran & Wolfsohn	Rigby, James
Goodwin, Nat	Rosenberg, Charles
Grey, Miss Amy (2)	Roberts, Richard E.
Green, C. S.	Shannon, Joseph
Gillette, Will,	Slavin, Mr.
Grismer, J. R.	Scott, Lester F,
Hudson, Alfred	Sothern, E. A.
Hall, Clinton.	Temple, Louise (3)
Hofele, F. W. (2)	West, Eva
Howard, John	Whiting, Annie
Ingersoll, Robert	Zimmerman, Ed.
Ingraham, P.	

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

DALY'S ARABIAN NIGHT CO., Chicago this and next two weeks.

DALY'S ROYAL MIDDY, Milwaukee.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S PIRATES, "C" Co., Winona 8; Madison 9; Fon du Lac 10; Oshkosh 12; Racine 13; Milwaukee 14, 15, 16, 17.

GEO. HOLLAND'S COMB., Chicago this and next week.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS, Brooklyn five weeks.

HAVERLY'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS, New York this week.

MITCHELL'S PLEASURE PARTY, New York this week.

MAHN'S OPERA CO., Chicago this week.

NEIL BURGESS' WIDOW BEDOTT COMB., Leadville this week; Cheyenne 12; Ogden 14; Salt Lake 15, 16, 17.

TONY PASTOR'S COMB., Decatur, Ill, 8; Springfield 9; Jacksonville 10; Quincy 12; Burlington 13; Keokuk 14; Des Moines 15; Rock Island 16; Peoria 17.

Chicago.

Haverly's: Delighted audiences have been the rule to witness Daly's New York co. in An Arabian Night, with the following east:

Mr. Alexander Spinkle, retired broker and ex-Caliph; a devoted young husband with a fatal passion for the Arabian Nights .....John Drew
Herbert Rumbsent, artist and enthusiast, whose pursuit of the ideal results in his successfully overtaking her .....Harry Lacy
Uncle Major, a dear old soul to confide in .....E. P. Wilks
Lafayette Moodle, not such a fool as he looks for in the matrimonial market .....George Parks
"Signor" Hercules Berrown, Premier Cannon Ball Tosser, and First Heavy-Weight in Boom's Greatest Show on the Planet .....Charles Leclercq
John, Butler at Spinkle's, with a talent for nagging the old lady ..Frank Bennett
Peter, Waiter at Mrs. Portley's Summer Hotel on the Boulevard ....Mr. Percy
Miss Kate Spinkle, an American girl, brought up abroad, and astonished at the ways at home .....Ada Rehan
Mrs. Louise Spinkle, the model wife of the modern Caliph .....Blanche Weaver
Mrs. Weebles, who being Mr. Spinkle's mother-in-law, is not partial to his Romance.....Mrs. Charles Poole
Rosa Maybloom, a young lady transformed by the Genii of Haroun al-Raschid into what she is not—but always captivating whatever she is. With a fleeting vision of the Corsair's Bride, and a brief revelation of the Great Indian Act.Maggie Harold
Mrs. Portley, Keeper of a Summer Hotel on the Boulevard.....May Sylvie

The whole performance was simply superb. It is seldom that such excellence in acting is combined in one organization. Every character was correctly and artistically represented. John Drew is especially to be commended for his laughable characterization of a somewhat difficult part. As both Catharine Lewis and Maggie Harald had been advertised to assume the role of Rosa Maybloom, the audiences were entirely in the dark as to who would appear. Miss Harrold came to time, however, and her rendition could not have been improved upon. Ada Rehan, as the real niece, was very natural and scored quite a hit. Mrs. Charles Poole, Blanche Weaver, Harry Lacy, Charles Leclercq, and in fact all of the other members of the co. were very fine. 5th, Catharine Lewis and Daly's co. in The Royal Middy.

Hooley's: Joseph Murphy, in Shaun Rhue, put in his second week to poor business. Miss M. Loduski Young supported him agreeably and well. This piece is advertised as remodeled and rearranged, but it is so bad now that it is beyond the reach of my imagination to see how it could have been much worse. 12th, George Holland's co. in Our Gentlemen Friends. This organization includes Owen Fawcett, Allie Weaver, Mrs. Farren, Joseph J. Holland, Charles Waverly, George Holland, and others.

Grand Opera House: Closed.

Academy of Music: Closed. Reopens Sept. 15.

McVicker's: Boccaccio as given by Mahn's Comic Opera Co. improves on acquaintance. This week's business has been much better than that of last. Alice Hosmer still carries off the honors. This lady is undoubtedly one of the sweetest singers in English opera. Hattie Richardson does very well, as also do Vincent Hogan, Fred Dixon, Marie Somerville, Jeannie Winston. W. A. Morgan is also worthy of mention for his awkwardness and general incapacity to either sing or act acceptably. I believe he does the best he can, however. 5th, for one week, Fatinitza, with Jeannie Winston, Vincent Hogan, W. A. Morgan, Hattie Richardson, and Mary Somerville in the principal parts. 12th, this theatre will close in about a month for repairs and redecoration.

Olympic: Green Demon; or, The Maidens of the Fairy Grotto, by Barrett & Tryon's Star Novelty co., has not succeeded in drawing even good audiences. The piece is nothing more than the Black Crook under another name. The Green Demon had no existence except in the title. The ballet consisted of the worst aggregation of bow-legged, knock-kneed, ugly-shaped females imaginable. The scenery was pretty good. The cast was as follows:

Count Hardy Knute, a sorcerer..W. J. Hurley
Rodolphe, affianced to Lady Agnes .....Randolph Murray
Count Steinhope, a powerful noble .....Marcus Moriarty
Karl Thunderton, henchman to Rodolphe (with song).....Edward Barrett
Zamiel, the arch fiend.....J. H. Vandyke
Phantomface, a demon sprite..Mons. Josephs
Dragonfire, a demon .....Mr Trudell
Titania, queen of the fairies (with song).....Annie Sutherland
Bertalda, a coquette (with song).. Lou Fuller
Lady Agnes, in love with Rodolphe .....Nellie Denin
Guilda, a fairy guide.....Miss Montague
Mono, a follower of Titania.....May Claire
Fire Dragoon.....E. S. Crossman

Edward Barrett as Karl was immensely funny. He is one of the best of low comedians. His ready wit as a "gaggist" makes him very amusing in some parts. Randolph Murray was very ridiculous as Rodolphe, and made such a bad appearance that I am in hourly expectation of hearing it announced that he has received an engagement to "star" at the Halsted Street Opera House. Marcus Moriarty and W. J. Hurley were both fair. Annie Sutherland as Titania looked very pretty and sang her only solo wretchedly. Lou Fuller as Bertalda gave a pleasing representation. Nellie Denin as Lady Agnes did badly. Roland Reed and Edward Buckley, in Box and Cox, preceded The Green Demon, and gave a very funny and satisfactory performance. 5th, Ada Gray in East Lynne supported by "Watkins' Fifth Avenue comb." 12th, Hart's New York Variety co.

National: Mattie Vickers and Charles S. Rogers, assisted by a few indifferent actors, have done their best to amuse North siders in a musical (?) absurdity going by the name of The Players, which was preceded by Love in Livery, a very amusing little sketch if properly presented. The two alleged stars, Vickers and Rogers, will try their luck at the Halsted Street Opera House next week. 5th, Lewis Warwick in Marble Heart.

Halsted Street Opera House: Lewis Warwick and Eva Vincent in Never Too Late to Mend to good business—undeservedly so, as their support was very poor, but it seemed to suit the audience. 5th, Mattie Vickers and Charles S. Rogers in The Players and Love in Livery.

Items: Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cotton and Little Idaline have recently made an engagement with Manager Charles Forbes, and will appear in their drama of Devotion.—George S. Sidney, Tony Denier's agent, is in the city and reports a prosperous season.—John Dillon and Harry Webber are both in town taking a rest. They start out under the management of Gulick and Blaisdell, the former Aug. 16 and the latter Aug. 23.—Lester and Williams, Mason and Sully, and Ada Wernell are under engagement to Gulick and Blaisdell to appear in a musical burlesque comedy similar to the Tourists.—O. E. Adams, late manager of National Theatre, leaves for Denver shortly.—Henrietta Irving, lately arrived from Leadville, has left for the East.—Katie Putnam is reported to be doing a lively business in the far West.—William Emmett, manager of Academy of Music, states that he will spend $10,000 on improving his theatre, and that he will reopen Sept. 15.—Alf Wyman, Lulu Wyman, Joseph Clifton, May Treat, Rena Maeder, Fred G. Maeder and Belle Wallace left Saturday for Leadville under engagement.—Prof. Kayser appears in Shakespearean readings next week.—Crusoe, the genuine "nigger minstrel," is in town.—Tony Denier's co. closed season in Aurora Saturday.—Maud Hamilton, the variety actress, is in jail here on charge of larceny.—Will F. Sage (correspondent Clipper) and Fred L. Greenwood have opened what they style a "Western Dramatic Exchange," and refer to all the theatrical managers here by permission. They propose to make a specialty of placing manuscript plays. They start out with good prospects and many friends and well wishers.—Charles W. Chase and his talented bulldogs will worry Lyceum theatregoers next week.

San Francisco.

June 29.—Neilson is entering to-night on her fourth week of her engagement at Baldwin's—and as a return to popular prices has been announced, full houses will be in order, which has not been the case the last three weeks. If Maguire had not been so very obstinate in this matter Neilson's engagement might have proved a success, but with double rates it has been a mild failure, which must account for the reduction in prices this week. What follows Neilson is uncertain yet, but Barry Sullivan's name is whispered among the knowing ones.

The Bush Street Theatre is drawing big houses with Boccaccio—in fact, everything that Mr. Locke has undertaken of late has proved a bonanza. First, The Royal Middy, then the Pirates and now Boccaccio—all up for a run; and they deserve it, for they are put on the stage in a becoming manner, showing that although Mr. Locke, having the reputation of being a very close man, does not carry closeness into the mounting of his pieces. True, it is said of him that he surrounds himself with a lot of amateurs, which, for a little money, he presses into service of doing for what he would have to pay professionals big salaries; but even granted that such is the case, does it matter to the public so long as the cast is perfect? Take Boccaccio for instance, the little role of which is assumed by Emilie Melville, a better selection than which could not have been made. This lady is not only a good singer, but acts equally well. She gives Boccaccio the true interpretation without running into burlesque. She is ably seconded by Max Freeman as Pietro, who seems to enjoy the acting as much as the audience. Considering that this gentleman has only lately adopted the English stage, great credit is due him for his achievements.

Of the amateurs in the cast there ought to be mentioned first and principally Gracie Plaisted, who is a most valuable acquisition to any stage. This lady possesses a rich soprano voice of unusual purity, and as for acting, she is "to the manner born." She is more sprightly than Alice Harrison, without having that lady's boldness. She is an Aimee in English. Another amateur in the cast, Silvia Gerrich, is also an acquisition; for, although lacking the former lady's vocal power, she makes up for it in exquisite acting, as the scolding wife of Lotteringhi. Several others might be mentioned favorably, but where all are doing well, it would be unjust to discriminate. The only reason for speaking of the two above is to show that amateurs can be of service, which Mr. Locke has demonstrated, although assailed at first for giving us an amateur cast.

Boccaccio will be withdrawn this week, to make room for Madame Favart, which has been in rehearsal for several weeks past, and which will add another score to Locke's successful operatic ventures.

Bandmann and co. are still in Oregon, and from latest accounts are doing well. George Chaplin left for the East last week, open for an engagement.

After Neilson, the latest London success, The Upper Crust, will hold the boards at Baldwin's. Miss Neilson will leave for the East next Sunday morning, to catch the boat for England, where the nuptials are to be celebrated, for be it known that the lucky man has been discovered in the person of Mr. Compton, her present support. The wedding will be celebrated in Italy, if English laws do not permit the same to be held in England, especially as Mr. Lee may have something to say in the matter.

The agent for Cole's Circus is in town, making arrangements for his show next Fall, and which ought to be a draw, as we have not had a circus for some time.

The old California Theatre is still a bone of contention for the managerial spirits. It is now rumored that Gen. Barton is going to resume the management, backed by Ingersoll the reverend—who seems to take considerable stock in Barton. Then there is Barton Hill and Maguire, who have joined hands to take the venture. In fact there is considerable nibbling, but nothing definitely known.

That Maguire is after the California convinces me that things are not so rose-colored at Baldwin's as he wishes the public to believe, especially as I am given to understand that Baldwin is sick and tired of paying the banker any longer. In fact he has partly made up his mind to tear the inside of the theatre out and build an "Arcade" similar to the Palace Hotel, thereby improving his hotel property.

Tom Maguire put up his horse and buggy for a raffle last week—value $1,000—tickets five dollars each—which was won by genial Harry Grimm of the Arion Halle, the Bohemian headquarters of the Pacific Coast. Harry Grimm having no need for it, presented the team to Mike Kennedey, ex-manager Grand and Standard Theatres, who may be seen any afternoon airing his portly figure in the "wehickle."

California.

SACRAMENTO.

California through Death Valley was played to fair houses 25th and 26th, and matinee. John Woodward, a veteran California actor, took the leading role, supported by quite a good co. The drama, although it bears a very suggestive title, is unlike most of the plays treating of border life, and the story is told in a quiet but admirable style, with the blood-and-thunder element entirely left out. Virginia City, July 2 to 5, Carson 6th and 7th, Reno 8th, from there to Eureka.

Colorado.

DENVER.

Forrester's Opera House: Closed. Booked: Knowles' Comedy co. 8th.

Walhalla Hall: The two-headed lady the attraction still. Business very good.

Palace Theatre: Arrivals—Ella Davis, serio-comic; Cora Vane, balladist; Nellie Dale, skipping-rope dancer; Gertrude Turner, serio-comic.

Academy of Music: Recruits—Bascoe and De Beque, horizontal bar; Lizzie Mulvey and Maggie Foster. Departures: Orndorf and McDonald, the Razzullias, to Wood's Opera House, Leadville; Lydia Rosa, to Leadville.

Items: J. H. Mack, chief lieutenant of Gen. Haverly, is in town looking happy and contented.—Costella's Circus expired here last week.—W. W. Cole's Circus and Menagerie opens July 26.—Col. Hughes, Barnum's agent, passed through Denver en route to Leadville 26th.—Your correspondent is under obligations to Fred Burgess, Treasurer of the Widow Bedott comb., for courtesies.—C. E. Blanchett, another of Haverly's prominent managers, is in town on professional biz.—The new Opera House foundation is being laid. From the indications, Mr. Haverly will have no reason to be ashamed of his position as lessee.—Alf and Lulu Wyman in Our German Cousin, Emma Abbott and Jennie Boyer's Concert co. are promised soon by Messrs. Love, Thall & Pierce.—Harry P. Keiley was given a benefit Sunday night, the 27th. The programme consisted of readings and ballads.

Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Dickson's Park Theatre: Frank N. Scott, known professionally as Walter Neville, was tendered a complimentary benefit 3d, matinee and evening. The Ticket-of-Leave Man was presented, with Al. S. Lipman as Bob Brierly. The cast was well presented, and the entire performance passed off in a very creditable manner.

Crone's Garden Theatre: A fair variety entertainment. 5th, Jacob Crone was tendered a complimentary benefit. Arrivals 5th and week: McAvoy and Rogers, Tom and Maud Morrissey, Flora Bingham.

Gilmore's Garden: Large houses are still the rule at this popular resort. The houses during the past week were very large. The performance being strictly variety, was first-class in all respects, Turner and Welch, Stella Cooper, the Coopers, the Ordeys being among the prominent performers. Arrivals 5th and week: Dick Baker, Miss Harrington, Charles and Gertie Seamon, Jennie Montague and S. C. Murphy.

TERRE HAUTE.

Opera House: 28th, George Holland, with Our Gentlemen Friends, to a small house. The troupe deserved better, as it is one of the best that has been here this season. Mr. Holland as Joseph Moorhouse and Owen Fawcett as Walter Morton were all that could be desired.

BLOOMINGTON.

Opera House (Tillotson & Fell managers): 28th, 29th and 30th, the New York Novelty co. has been attracting good audiences, and has given general satisfaction. Most of the members of the co. are artists in their lines, and have been enthusiastically received and encored. Their engagement ends on the 3d. Booked: 5th, Hastings' Military Band in concert, with Litta as leading attraction.

Durley Hall (George S. Smith, manager): 29th, Grand Concert by Maria Litta, assisted by amateur talent, for the benefit of the Illinois Wesleyan University, to a large and select audience, being one of the finest concert entertainments of the season. Litta was in splendid voice, and not only captivated her audience, but held them spellbound through each rendition.

LAFAYETTE.

The dramatic season has closed. The Opera House has been leased by J. A. and G. B. Dixon of Indianapolis, and under their management will be refrescoed and refurnished throughout with entirely new staging and scenery. It will be known hereafter as the Grand Opera House. The house is in Brooks, Dickson & Hickey's grand circuit, and we expect some first-class entertainments here this coming season.

Iowa.

OTTUMWA.

Pirates co. "C." 25th, to good house. Excessive warm weather prevented a large audience. Mr. Lonsdale, business manager, regrets having come west of the Mississippi River with so large a co. He reports business at Des Moines as worse than at any city on his route. General business he reports as excellent. Janauschek's visit here must have been satisfactory, as she wants to come next January. Probably she wants to begin the new year well.

BURLINGTON.

26th, Gilbert and Sullivan's Pirates, "C" co., to not a large house, owing to the severe storm. However, the fortunate ones present witnessed the finest entertainment ever produced before a Burlington audience. Too much praise cannot be given this splendid co. and its efficient and courteous manager, Mr. H. B. Lonsdale.—Tony Pastor has telegraphed for hall 13th.

DUBUQUE.

Opera House: D'Oyly Carte's superb Opera co. "C" presented the Pirates of Penzance, 29th, to a large and delighted audience. This is the first appearance of the opera in this city, and should it be repeated it will meet with a hearty reception, as it well deserves.

DAVENPORT.

Burtis' Opera House: 28th, D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance, to good business and well pleased audience; 29th, May Fisk's English Blondes appeared to a fair house.

DECORAH.

June 16, Erwin's Concert co. just home from a tour through Kansas, Nebraska and Western Iowa.—June 25, Cole's Circus to immense houses.

Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE.

Davis' Theatre: This house has been leased by the Whallens, who will open it next season under the title of Buckingham Palace, with John Morrissey as stage manager.

Knickerbocker: The cool streak in the weather during the past week has had a tendency to crowd this house nightly, standing-room being at a premium. On the programme were, May Antonia, Senator Frank Bell, Peasely and Vannetta, Nimmie Kent, Perry Ryan, the Gray Sisters, Roselle, Chas. Loder, and Dollie Foster. New faces, 5th: Charles W. Lord, Mlle. La Font, Hawkins and Kelly, George Herman, Blakely and Sewanee, Dewitte Cooke, the Mays, Charles and Lulu, and Charles H. King. Retained: May Antonia and Charles Loder.

Items: J. A. Nunez, manager of Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, last season, and author of Saints and Sinners, has made an assignment to John W. Buchanan. The assignee states that he is indebted to various parties to the amount of $38,000; his assets are estimated at $50,000. It is to be noped that Mr. Nunez will soon work out of his financial difficulties, as he is a very enterprising and honest gentleman.—The item in last week's MIRROR regarding the changing hands of Macauley's Theatre created surprise, as it was not publicly known here.—John Morrissey, late stage manager of the "Met," called upon me this week and informed me that he would leave Cincinnati for New York July 4, to engage talent for Whallen's Buckingham Palace.—Manager Borden, proprietor of the Knickerbocker and Woodland Garden Theatres, is making immense preparations for the celebration of the glorious Fourth at Woodland Garden Park, in a manner that has never been before attempted in this section of the United States.—Mr. Judah, one of our wealthiest and most religious citizens, proprietor of the Metropolitan, says that the Old Drury will run next season, with a variety manager whom he has just engaged for the purpose. His intentions are to reconstruct the house in an elaborate manner, and run it in first-class style.—The Louisville Opera House, under the management of Brooks, Dickson & Hickey, stands on a solid foundation in the same old locality, "up two flights of stairs;" the house is still in a dilapidated condition, and up to date there have been no preparations made to place it in the condition stated at the time the lease was drawn up and signed.—One Ryan, who has no occupation excepting that of being the correspondent of the "Dramatic Nuisance" in Porkopolis, appears to be considerably worked up over my statement of a few weeks ago, in which I asserted that the circulation of THE MIRROR in Cincinnati was twice as large as that of the D. N. If any one doubts the statement, all they have to do is to inquire at the leading news depots and be convinced of its truthfulness.—Macauley's, Masonic Temple, Louisville Opera House, and "Met." are all closed.

Maryland.

BALTIMORE.

Academy of Music: The Knights of Honor commemorated the seventh anniversary of the order on Wednesday night in quite a brilliant manner—a musical entertainment of a high order was given in which the Marine Band of Washington took a very prominent part. The stage was very tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and stretched across it was a banner neatly arranged, bearing the inscription: "Knights of Honor, organized in Kentucky, June 30, 1873, with seven members. Seventh Anniversary, June 30, 1880; 90,000 members. Welcome." The house was filled with a fashionable and enthusiastic audience, which manifested a deep interest in the proceedings and lavished its applause on the various numbers of the programme. The Marine Band were in full uniform, numbering about forty instruments, and their performances were in the highest degree artistic and enjoyable. Marie Bockel during the evening sang "Cupa Fatal Mestria" in an almost faultless manner, and evidenced a marked improvement of her fine vocal organ. Miss L. Krueger and Messrs. Schomann and Butler deserve a great deal of praise for their rendition of the Trio from I Lombardi.

Item: All places of amusement are still closed and will be for the next six weeks.

Massachusetts.

SALEM.

The Willow Park: This is the name which has been decided upon as the proper title for this Summer resort, and the fact was announced to the public on July 1, by "hangers" the reading matter of which has caused considerable laughable comment among the class which patronize amusements most liberally. Just here, however, let me mention that there is no prejudice against the resort itself or the owners. Several friends have spoken to me about the matter, and I would like to make a general statement here, once for all time: I have never met any of the gentlemen who own or manage the Willows, and what criticisms have been made are free from personal prejudice. The idea of having a summer garden like this is a grand one, and it is to be hoped that Salem will support it generously. The "hangers" previously mentioned contain allusions in large type to the "Mystic Fairy Grotto," a pile of rocks that possesses not nearly as much beauty as similar groups in many private gardens here. References in capitals is also made to the petite water engine which turns the flying horses, although I cannot see what interest it is to the visitors. "The Largest Dancing Pavilion in America—waxed floor," is also advertised, although I doubt the first part of the statement and the last part is superfluous, "Grounds and Theatre illuminated with Gas" is also presented as an attraction, as though gas in this city was something new. I am pleased to be informed that Mr. Butterfield, the press agent, did not write up the advertisement. The Press of Essex county and some of the correspondents of the Boston papers were given a dinner here July 2. The amphitheatre was to be formally opened July 4, with a co. headed by Frank Wright, in Everybody's Friend.

Items: The New York Opera co. will play Snow-Bound at Mechanic Hall, July 6.—Sergeant Ahearne and his children in their excellent act introducing military drill will appear at the Willows soon.—Miss Minnie A. Smith of this city sang at St. John's Church, Peabody, last Sunday.—A. W. Newcomb of the Salem Cadet Band has composed a very charming and tuneful concert waltz which was performed at the concert on the Common, July 1.—The Great London Circus had bad weather when it showed here July 2.—S. C. Bennett is writing a piece for the introduction of musical and variety "bits," and will play it this Fall.

LOWELL.

Charles H. Duprez, of Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels, is at the Washington House a little under the weather from the effects of a severe cold contracted in the West. The co. has had a very successful season of forty-two weeks, appearing in all the Southern, Western and upper Middle States and the Canadas, and closing at Altoona, Pa., on the 19th ult. Mr. Duprez will as usual spend the Summer in this city and arrange for the campaign. Ned Mehan, a Lowell boy, who has been with Mr. Duprez for the last four years, and Tom Warfield, the principal comedian of the troupe, who is well known in Lowell, are also here, and will remain during the Summer.

HAVERHILL.

The Great London Show gave two performances here, June 21, to overflowing audiences. Show very satisfactory. Nothing booked.

Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS.

Powers' Opera House: 28th and 29th, Augustin Daly's Royal Middy co., to large audiences. The co., with one or two exceptions, is a good one, and rendered the opera in a thoroughly artistic manner. Catherine Lewis, as Fanchette the Gypsey, made a decided hit. May Fielding made a pretty Queen, and was twice recalled. J. E. Brand as Don Januario was well received, and the rest of the co. did fairly. The co. go from here to Milwaukee for three nights, and thence to Chicago.

Smith's: This house is doing a large business this week, and a very clever entertainment is given. The Three Ronaldos are the principal attraction, and are well received.

Items: Dewitt Talmage lectures at Powers' July 17.—Dan Thompson is in town.—Edward Hillier's benefit at Smith's last Friday night was a decided success.

Minnesota.

ST. PAUL.

Opera House: 25th, second night of the engagement of the Nathal English Opera co., a larger audience even than on the previous evening greeted this excellent co. in Girofle-Girofla," which certainly was a fine performance throughout, and the delight of the audience was fully manifested by repeated encores. The soloists are uniformly good. Miss Hutchings possesses a fine contralto voice, is endowed with an attractive and graceful presence, and is a very pleasing actress. Miss Murrilli has a pure melodious voice, is brilliant in personnel, and graceful and animated in her acting. Miss Lester evinces great talent; her voice is pleasing and true in intonation; her piquant, graceful style attracts her audience at once, giving great promise of a bright career. Mons. Nathal plays the buffo roles with an easy abandon, and is admirable in his make-up, and establishes himself at once as a favorite. His Mourzouk was finely rendered. George S. Weeks is certainly a good tenor-robusto. James Vincent evinces rare talent as a comedian. William Luard possesses a fine baritone voice. The chorus was very attractive and contains young and fresh voices, singing exceedingly well, and rendering their parts with pleasing animation. 26th, La Grande Duchesse was presented at the matinee to a good house. In the evening, The Bells of Corneville drew a good house. The co. is well balanced, and the performance gave great satisfaction. The co., under re-engagement for two nights, opened in Girofle-Girofla 29th, La Grande Duchesse 30th, to fair houses, and met with a cordial reception. Bookings: Tony Pastor's comb. July 1, 2, 3, are finely billed; D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance co. 5th, 6th, 7th.

Pfeifer's Hall: Dan and Josie Morris Sullivan's Tour through Ireland 28th, one week. Houses fair. The specialty acts and sketches by the Sullivans were well received.

Items: Charles Gayler, the gentlemanly press agent for P. T. Barnum, was in the city on the 25th, and left a profusion of fine lithographs of the great show.—A gentleman who has just returned with a company from Eau Claire, Wis., informed me for the benefit of the profession, that owing to the recent heavy rainstorms, the Music Hall building in that town is considered by the public to be quite unsafe for performances, and will in all probability be condemned. Tony Pastor July 1, 2, 3, to splendid business. Rankin Bros. good card.—Pirates of Penzance opened 5th, to large and fashionable audiences. Enthusiastic reception, performance highly satisfactory. Three nights.

Missouri.

ST. LOUIS.

Pickwick Theatre: This elegant establishment is gaining ground with each successive

week, and it is bound to become one of the most popular institutions of St. Louis. Mr. Phillips is catering to the very best classes of the community, and in every item of his management does he make this apparent. During the second week of the engagement of the Bijou Opera co., commencing 28th, the performances consisted of Ages Ago and Charity Begins at Home. The first piece is one of the quaintest and most original of Mr. Gilbert's creations, and gave the best kind of satisfaction to the audience. Mr. Clay's music is pretty and cleverly arranged, but a regret is expressed that Mr. Cellier did not provide the musical dress. It is certain that his music is rated on short acquaintance with that of Sullivan, and Mr. Gilbert's fancy is so peculiarly rich that it should have the very best musical embellishment possible, and it is fertile in suggestions for bright and sparkling numbers. The dual characters were excellently sustained by Messrs. Wallace Macreery, Digby V. Bell, W. Herbert, Carrie Burton and Mme. Marie Beauman. Wallace Macreery made his first appea.ance, and made a good impression. His stage presence is fine and his tenor agreeable. The scenery was exquisite, and the orchestra entirely efficient. Messrs. Rowe and Cellier's musical farce has made one of the biggest hits ever accomplished in this city, and the characters are one and all given with a delightful business and freshness which kept the audience in the best of humor and in roars of laughter. Digby V. Bell as the Charity Boy and Miss Burton as Susan received much applause, as indeed also did Mr. Herbert, Mme. Beauman and Mr. Macreery. On Saturday evening three operas will be given for a testimonial benefit to J. G. Saville, the manager of the co. No announcements made for next week.

Uhrig's Cave: The Elixir of Love and Belles of Corneville alternated here during the week. The latter opera was most cleverly given, Gustavus Hall giving a powerful rendition of the part of Gaspard, being warmly called before the curtain at the close of the castle scene. His singing was of course notably good. Mr. Harold as the Marquis was rather careless in his dialogue, but sang his music finely. Mr. Dexter's Jean is one of his best roles, and he acquitted himself excellently. Mr. Collins as the Baillie and Mr. Shewell as the Notary made the most of their small parts. Miss Manfred rather over-acted as Serpolette, but was withal very charming. Blanche Adams made a fair Germaine. Miss La Pitre is a bright and sparkling little actress and does good work in leading the chorus. Signor Torriani's direction of the orchestra was very capable. Business has been very uneven on account of the singular weather, several evenings it having been as showery as in April. Indeed, Messrs. Collins and Short have been very unfortunate in this respect. They will have a very great improvement when the weather becomes settled. Sunday evening Miles' Juveniles will appear in The Little Duke, which will be repeated until further notice. A matinee will be given on the 5th,

Notes and Gossip: Billy Slocum of the Opera House will take the road next season. —Messrs. Noxon and Toomey, the scenic artists, have finished painting the extra scenery for the Rock Island (Ill.) theatre, and have gone to Leavenworth, Kan., to fresco the Opera House there.—Miss Ottoline Overbeck, a brilliant prodigy, aged 6, had a testimonial at the Olympic Theatre, June 30. The house was well filled with her friends. Tillie Chambers (another prodigy), Mary Hogan the elocutionist, the South End and North End Quartettes, and several other volunteers, gave a fine programme. The young lady herself delivered several recitations, evincing much precocity. Her friends loaded her down with flowers.—29th, a magnificent orchestral concert was given at Anthony Kuhn's Garden. Eighty musicians furnished the music, which was superb.—The female wrestlers, Marcia and Alba, were left in this town without their salaries from the May Fisk party. A benefit will be gotten up for them.—Archie Boyd's co. occupy Uhrig's Cave Saturday evening. Mrs. Archie Boyd, Ettie Fielding and W. D. Turner are in the co., and the entertainment will consist of A Loan of A Lover, Rough Diamond and The Little Stockbroker.—Mr. R. Goldbeck, the well-known musician, has returned from a trip to New York.—Prof. W. Malmene went to New York on a flying trip on Wednesday evening.—The Thalia Theatre, under the management of Henri Laurent and Miss Corelli, has not had remarkable success—bad weather interfering greatly with the attendance. 25th and 26th, Pinafore was revived, with Mr. Laurent as Ralph Rackstraw and Miss Corelli as Josephine.—G. B. Berrell, late of Huntley's Dramatic co., lectured on Sunday evening last before the Liberal Club. His subject, "The Church and the Stage," was well, logically and thoroughly treated.—The ushers of the Theatre Comique have a benefit July 3, and a long bill of attractions is offered.—Esher Bros. at their St. Charles Street Alhambra have dropped their free admission system and now charge ten cents.

ST. JOSEPH.

Tootle's Opera House: Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty 26th, to large upper house, below only moderate. Nothing in the near future booked.

Apollo Garden: Business good. No change of importance.

Nebraska.

OMAHA.

Academy of Music: The Pirates of Penzance was produced 28th. People were led to expect D'Oyly Carte's Opera co., but instead listened to Company No. 2, composed in the main of very acceptable talent. The choruses were finely rendered, notably that of the Pirates and of the Policemen. The daughters of General Stanley quite captivated the audience, as much by their fresh appearance as their rendering of their separate parts Altogether the entertainment was a pleasant one. The co. labored under disadvantages, the stage being quite too small for the scenery, as well as for the accommodation of so many people. The house was packed, and was composed of the best theatre-going people of the city. The benefit given Miss Hendricks was not a success, owing no doubt to the fact of other entertainments at close dates. It is but justice to this lady, as well as to the public, that her treatment at the hands of C. L. Davis be given a little ventilation. She was a member of his co., which showed here some two weeks since. During their stay Miss Hendricks went out for a drive, and being thrown from the carriage sustained such injuries as caused her to lose her situation. Without means, among strangers, sick and badly injured, she was abandoned by this man Davis, and left to shift as best she could, while he went on his way, nightly playing to good houses, and with no thought of how the lady would reach her home. As the benefit proved a failure, a contribution was raised, by which she succeeded in getting the means to pay her expenses and her fare home. Such men as this Davis are not entitled to the patronage of a confiding public. Of one thing he can be assured, his meanness is well known, and should he again attempt to show here he will be so thoroughly advertised that his only patrons will be representatives from the class to which he evidently belongs. Nothing booked and the season is virtually at an end.

New Hampshire.

MANCHESTER.

Theatricals are very quiet. Nothing booked at present. The proprietors of Smyth's Opera House are once more talking of remodeling their hall. They seem to be a good deal afraid of the new Opera House, and may do something this time. The foundation for the new opera house is nearly all in, and brick-laying commenced last week.

New York.

BUFFALO.

The Academy of Music has not, since Joe Emmet appeared upon our boards, presented so packed an appearance as on Monday night of last week, when Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels favored us with a farewell entertainment. The dress circle and parquet contained one of the finest audiences of our best people that has been seen in our theatre this season, while the second and third galleries were a sight to make the heart of the manager glad. It was full and running over with a laughing, merry lot of people. As with all of Manager Haverly's entertainments, his Mastodons are the superior of anything in their line, and if anything could be done to improve the present troupe, it is not apparent to the average pleasure-seeker. The First Division, introducing the old-established favorites, Billy Emerson, Billy Rice, Billy Welch, Tom Sadler, Barry Maxwell, Chauncey Olcott, Charley Shattuck and Tom Dixon, was heartily encored. Following them came McAndrews in his great specialty "The Watermelon Man," presented as only J. W. can present it. "He is old but good." The "Grand International Clog-Dance" is a feature at once refined, elegant and entertaining, the length of the programme preventing a third encore. Billy Rice presented his lecture, "Labor versus Capital." It has been heard here several times, but still was well received. Harry Parker introduced a troupe of the best trained dogs that has ever been seen in this city. The entertainment concluded with a laughable burlesque. It is to be regretted that Manager Foote could not have arranged to have had the Mastodons remain longer with us. They would doubtless have tested the capacity of our theatre had they remained throughout the week. Saturday evening, E. T. Goodrich, assisted by a comb. of fair actors, presented Grizzly Adams to a light-waisted audience. The play contains but little that is deserving of support—scalping-knives, tomahawks, and gore predominate. There is an attempt at a plot, and Grizzly aims to personate the hero of the drama The same comb. held the boards Monday of this week, and played to moderately fair houses of our country cousins, afternoon and evening, who must have some place to go the Fourth.

At Shelby's Adelphi, a Fourth of July co. of more than ordinary merit played to good sized audiences, Saturday night of last week, and gave a continuous performance Monday. Shelby's cosy little theatre was as attractive as ever, and might with profit be run even during the warm season.

ALBANY.

Leland Opera House (J. W. Albaugh manager): July 1, Haverly's Mastodons drew a large audience and gave a good show. This closed the season at this house, which will remain closed until the latter part of August, when the preliminary fair season will open. In the meantime, the interior will be thoroughly cleaned and renovated.

Tweddle Hall: Closed. Martin Opera House: Nothing booked.

Item: Strange to say there are no attractions billed for July 4 in this city.—London Circus next month.

UTICA.

Opera House: Haverly's Mastodons 30th, to fully 1,600 people. The Utica Mechanics' Association has wisely concluded to retain the present manager, John Abercrombie, another year, to look after their interests with the show going people. Now who is treasurer—Charley or Billy? Nothing booked.

JAMESTOWN.

Allen's Opera House: July 3, concert by the Madrigal Boys of New York, under auspices of Chautauqua Lake Navigation co.; 5th and 6th, G. M. Hotchkin of Rochester, will present the Anna Hotchkins Musical Prodigies; 17th, the McGibeny Family will appear.

Ohio.

CLEVELAND.

The usual midsummer quiet prevailed in theatrical circles last week. A benefit for the Opera House employes was fairly attended Thursday night. The Fool's Revenge and a farce called The Comical Countess were played by a co. made up partly of professionals, partly of amateurs. There was nothing about the performance worthy of special remark, except, perhaps, the Cleveland debut of Maggie Van Tassel, who did fairly well in a rather heavy role, and proved herself the possessor of considerable dramatic ability. The same bill will be given 5th.

Mr. Ellsler's benefit at the Academy, Friday night, was a very doubtful success. An aspiring local dramatist (H. H. Reeves) placed his version of Mrs. Holmes' novel, "Marion Grey," in the hands of a lot of amateurs, and submitted his work to the limited audience which assembled to benefit Mr. Ellsler. The adaptation is a clumsy piece of work, but with judicious alterations and in the hands of capable people, might be made quite interesting. It were unfair to criticise the well-meant efforts of the amateurs who appeared on this occasion. A repetition of the performance is advertised for the 5th. Nothing ahead.

Items: The big tent has already been erected for Haverly's Pedestrian Tournament, and will no doubt be crowded next week by the admirers of this kind of sport. —The tri weekly concerts at Haltnorth's Garden are very popular and attract the best class of people.—My announcement that the Academy would be altered and improved this Summer, at a cost of $20,000 or more, was premature, and an error. No definite arrangements for its future disposal have yet been made.

CINCINNATI.

The writer can at present re-echo the plaint of correspondents generally as to the dearth of dramatic news. The Collins & Short English Comic Opera co., under the management of Bob Miles, opened a short season at the Highland House Belvidere on the 4th. Bells of Corneville and Martha constitute the repertoire. The co., with the exception of Gustavus Hall, is unknown here, being principally made up of St. Louis talent. The troupe, while not remarkably strong, created a very favorable impression, Miss Manfred and Messrs. Dexter and Hall being especially praiseworthy. The venture will doubtless prove successful to all interested. The Grand Opera House, Pike's, Robinson's, Heuck's and the Vine Street Opera House are closed for the season. Charley Lord, the comedian of the last-mentioned, was the recipient of a benefit July 2, and a crowded house was in order despite the heat. He and George Herman left for Louisville on the 3d, opening at the Metropolitan on the 5th.

Heuck's Opera House is being rapidly remodeled and will, when completed, prove one of the cosiest and most attractive theatres in the West. The past season has been a remarkably successful one, and has incited the management to still greater efforts for the coming season. The National Theatre ("Old Drury") has been sold, and is being converted into a tobacco warehouse. It has proved of late years a veritable theatrical "Charybdis" to not less than a dozen managers.

The editorial remarks of THE MIRROR on the Currie trial meet with the general approval of the theatrical fraternity in Cincinnati. "Little Rosebud," the juvenile imitator of the Hon. Patrick Rooney, leaves for Washington, D. C., this week. Mrs. Julia A. Hunt is Summering at Blanchester. Charles R. Blake departed for Mechanicsburg on the 3d at which place A Celebrated Case is in preparation by several ambitious amateurs. Manager Miles leaves for New York this week.

SPRINGFIELD.

Black's: Closed. Nothing booked.

Items: We learn on competent authority that "Prof. (?) Leon Florestan," the French elocutionist, who was to have appeared at Allen's Hall 29th as Armand in Camille and Claude Melnotte in Lady of Lyons, is a "fraud," having been "bounced" from Cleveland and several other cities. He jumped the town last Saturday evening after being exposed in the Evening Republic, leaving a large number of "I O U's" as pleasant remembrances. He had through fraud obtained the assistance of several of our prominent citizens, and if he could have been found last Saturday evening it would have gone hard with him.—E. T. Harvey, scenic artist of Cincinnati, O., was in town last week.—Harry Canton of Cicago is superintending the remodeling of Black's Opera House.

YOUNGSTOWN.

Opera House: 26th, C. L. Davis, to good house. Davis closed here, having been on the road forty-two weeks. Mr. Davis had trouble with Emma Vern, his leading lady, just before the performance. Miss Vern was ill and demanded a certain amount of money before she would go on. The money was given her, and after receiving it she attempted to leave the theatre, but found that she was locked in. Accepting the situation, the lady took up her lines and went through her part. Next morning she took an early train homeward. Nothing booked for coming week.

COLUMBUS.

The Grand and Comstock's closed. Dead calm. MIRROR correspondent gone off for a short vacation.

Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.

Wood's: Monday afternoon and evening, Lillie Hinton appeared in Fanchon. 6th, Eugene Powell, the magician, commenced an engagement for one week.

Mannerchor Garden: The concerts here are becoming more popular every week.

Miller's: William, George and Rufus Brazier, Dilks and Wade, Kearney and Farrell, George Richards, and Kitty Morton

Alhambra: Raymond and Murphy and Ada Page are only new arrivals.

Items: The remains of the late Charles Fechter were removed from the receiving vault to their final resting-place in Mount Vernon Cemetery on June 20. John McCullough has erected a beautiful monument over Fechter's remains, which cost him $500. —Messrs. Plowman & Co. have the contract for the grand staircases of the New Chestnut for $32,000.

WILKESBARRE.

Music Hall: The Mendelssohn Oratorio society gave a testimonial concert on June 30 to Lizzie P. James, one of our local singers, in which A. E. Stoddart, late of the Emma Abbott Opera co., assisted. The Standard Comedy co., on the occasion of the benefit of George S. Robinson, July 1, presented Led Astray. The piece was well rendered, and appeared to give general satisfaction.

Items: Coup's United Monster Shows will be with us on the 22d.—Murray and White, after a very short career at the Summer Garden Theatre, finding there was no money in the venture, closed Saturday night.

PITTSBURG.

Opera House: Ellsler's. Uncle Tom Party played the past week to fair business only. The co. play 5th, matinee and night, after which it is announced the house will be closed until the regular Fall and Winter opening.

Items: W. C. Coup's Circus will exhibit in this city 7th. Cooper and Bailly's London Circus is billed for an early appearance here.—The Republican County Committee now occupy the Lyceum.

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.

Opera House: In complying with THE MIRROR's request for an early arrival of its out of town news for this week I am unable to tell you of the result of the New York English Opera co.'s appearance in their new musical comedy of Snow-Bound, July 3. If courage deserves success, this co. would seem to merit it, for they must be brave indeed who would venture, after last season's experience, to present a new play in this city.

Sans Souci Garden: Patinitza was brought out on Monday of this week, and is an immense hit. To many of our theatre goers the opera is quite new, having been produced here but twice before, and then by the Boston Ideal Opera co., and so the present success is entirely owing to the delightful manner in which it is sung and acted by the excellent co. of the Garden. The scenery is fine, the costumes are very complete, and the whole opera is given with a snap and vim that has made it a great hit. Anna Gunther plays the double role of Vladimir and Fatinitza finely. Henry Molten, as Julian, the reporter, has a character most admirably suited to him. He surprised even those who knew him best, by his really excellent acting. As a lover he amounts to very little, but in his present character of helping others' love affairs he is immense. He will probably add to his present success when he responds to the call of his many friends for the song entitled "My Native Land," which Mr. Fessenden of the Ideals introduced into the opera. Miss Var's voice is a beautiful, pure soprano, very delightful to listen to, but she needs more force in her acting. G. B. Snyder as the Russian General, Mr. Armstrong as Sergeant, Mr. Montgomery as Captain Vasil, and afterward Izzet Pacha, and Mr. Dixey as Mustapha, were all excellent and won great favor. In fact, as I prophesied, Fatinitza has proved a success. It is needless to say Fatinitza will continue the attraction.

Park Garden: The Ambassador's Daughter, with its elegant scenery, charming music and fine co., continues the chief attraction at this beautiful garden. While not entering into any criticism upon the libretto, which could and probably will be strengthened, the entertainment is a very delightful one for a Summer evening. The whole effect is so pleasing—the Chinese city brilliantly lighted; the inhabitants constantly moving to and fro, intent upon business or pleasure; the dark waters of the lake upon which lies the junk; the canal making up into the gates of the city, from out of which comes the Emperor's barge, with his Royal Highness aboard, and rowed by Chinese sailors; the grouping and arranging of those on the wharf and on the junk to receive the Emperor; the illuminations, fireworks and martial music at his approach—make a sight magnificently grand. Of the individual merits of the co., Charles Drew, as Harry, the American officer, and Stanley Felch, the Chinese executioner, stand pre-eminent, and are too well known to need words of praise here. Mrs. Baratta Morgan as Pauline, the Ambassador's Daughter, is a lady bound to succeed in whatever she undertakes. She has a beautiful voice, a pleasing stage presence, with a good conception of the character, and is very generally a favorite. Of Louis Clarner a word should be said. He is the gentleman who has won such universal praise as the Boatswain in Pinatore, and as Officer of State in the new opera he is making a great hit. His announcement to the people of the approach of the Emperor can only be appreciated by hearing. It is huge, and he receives hearty applause every night. The Ambassador, personated by Walter Cushing, is a small part, but it is well done. Mr. Daboll is the Emperor, and his fine voice shows to advantage. The choruses are fine, well drilled and powerful. What more can one wish for a summer-night's recreation. This week especial attractions are offered for the Nation's holiday.

Rocky Point Coliseum opens July 3, with the burlesque Oleomargarine.

Item: Manager Hackett is rapidly filling dates for next season at the Opera House. He has already booked a large number of leading attractions.

NEWPORT.

Bull's Opera House: The New York English Opera co., appeared on Friday evening in Snow-Bound to about fifty people. The piece is on trial for one week by the manager, and he has pronounced it a decided failure, although the people were all good. Ethel Lynton, Amy Lee and Sid Smith were the principals in the piece. Nothing booked.

Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE.

Grand Opera House: Tony Pastor's array of variety talent attracted an immense audience 28th. They conducted everything in a first class manner. The Four Eccentrics were very amusing. Bryant and Hoey's musical absurdities were not over tiresome. The French Twin Sisters are neat dancers; the St. Felix Sisters pleased very well. Their costuming was very neat. The Turkish Reville is a pretty act. Harry and John Kernell, Irish comiques, are good. Charles Diamond entertained with harp solos. The closing piece, Go West on the Emigrant Train, was a fit ending to a very properly-arranged programme. Tony himself gave the ladies a glance at his smiling countenance. They play at St. Paul and Minneapolis this week, returning here 5th for two performances—sure to be crowded.

Items: Barnum's Circus and Menagerie drew immense crowds one day last week.—The "Great Eastern Show" is here, 3d.—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage (another circus) visits us 20th.

BELOIT.

The grand concert given by the class of '80, Beloit College, at First Congregational Church 30th, was the musical event of the season. The large building was crowded, the receipts amounting to upward of $700. The programme furnished by Remenyi and troupe—Edmond DeCelle tenor and Henry Beale pianist, and Hattie Louise Simons prima donna—was carefully selected, faultlessly executed, and enthusiastically received; indeed, seldom before by a Beloit audience has there been accorded such an enthusiastic reception as that which greeted Miss Simons and Remenyi. The Nathal English Opera co., which was billed for 29th, cancelled. Manager Goodwin has several good combs. booked for next season, among them Harry Webber's Nip and Tuck for two nights, Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty, etc.

Item: S. C. Enos, late of the Chicago Peerless Pinafore co., has been placed on the retired list—that is to say, has retired to his farm adjoining this city, minus the anticipated results of his first appearance on the stage, viz.: cash and glory. But then Enos always did like to sing for fun.

Canada.

MONTREAL.

Theatre Royal: The programme given last week was carried out to very fair audiences, considering the fact that the town was attracted to the circus for the best part of the week. Oliver Doud Byron is billed for next week in Across the Continent.

Items: The Academy of Music is closed.—Forepaugh's Circus took all the available loose cash out of town with them, drawing greater numbers than could be accommodated.

HAMILTON.

Dundurn Park: 30th, the popular Dime co. played Naval Engagements to a large audience.

Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX.

The Ideal Opera co. performed Larks and Tit for Tat on the 24th, and Mephisto, Jr., on the 25th, to fair houses. Chilperic for benefit on the 28th, to a large house.

The Currie Jury.

(Sherman (Texas) Chronicle.)

One of that distinguished jury, which turned the tiger Currie loose, had just been released from the penitentiary. Another one of the jurymen, who never was known to have a cent, was said to be fairly coated with greenbacks after the concern was discharged.

OBITUARY.

"Texas Jack's" Funeral.

J. B. Omohundro was buried at Leadville, Col., June 29, from the Tabor Opera House, under the auspices of the Tabor Light Cavalry, of which, under its former organization, deceased had been a member. The theatrical profession was largely represented, and the companies of the various variety theatres attended in a body. The Gardner Minstrels were seen in the procession; C. E. Blanchett, one of J. H. Haverly's managers, and D. R. Allen of the Fay Templeton Star Alliance were also present.

John Baker Omohundro was born in what is now West Virginia forty years ago. His father was a wealthy land-owner, and two brothers, one of whom is an eminent physician, still live in that State. When 17 years of age he left the paternal roof and went to Texas, where he became one of the most noted cattlemen in the State. He was known there chiefly by the name of John Baker and John Smith. The following story is told of how he gained the name of Texas Jack: Some time previous to the late war the Northwestern supply of meat was cut off by the deredations of hostile savages, which shut Texas from active intercourse with her sister States. In the lower portion of Tennessee was this calamity most severely felt, when a certain town was one day thrown into ecstacies of delight at the advent of a huge drove of cattle under the guidance of Omohundro and a guard of herders. It appears that he had heard of the cattle famine, and, filled with a spirit of reckless adventure and enterprise, invested all his means in beef on the hoof, organized a gang of cowboys, and made his way through the hostile Indians, occupying six months on the road, losing eight of his men at one time in a skirmish with the red-men, and suffering various depletions in his herd from the same cause until he reached the borders of actual civilization. Great was the praise bestowed upon him and his gallant band, and in the principal square of the city a jubilation took place. Their leader was called for. "Where is the man?" was called on all sides. "Here," said he, "What's your name, pard?" "Jack." "Where from?" "Texas." Here a voice called out, "Hurrah for Texas Jack, boys!" and hearty cheers made the welkin ring. And thus was fastened upon him a title which has since become famous throughout the United States.

Soon after the commencement of the war he enlisted in the Confederate cavalry, and after the close of the conflict he became a Government scout on the plains. Deceased was a member of the New York Lodge B. P. O. Elks, No. 7. His widow, Mlle. Morlacchi, who was completely prostrated with grief at his demise, is improving, and intends leaving for the East as soon as her strength will permit.

Mrs. Emily Bland.

The widow of Humphrey Bland died at her late residence, No. 19 Lafayette place, July 1, in the 42d year of her age. She was the last wife of Mr. Bland. Her predecessor—Harriet, an elder sister of Helen Faucit—made her American debut in the Park Theatre here Aug. 30, 1845, and died in Boston, Mass., Nov. 5, 1847. Mrs. Emily Bland was a relative of George W. Lewis, for many years prompter at the Broadway Theatre, in this city, and the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, when under the management of the Marshalls—Ethelbert A. and Caleb. In January, 1853, Mr. Lewis sailed for San Francisco, Cal., as the agent of the late Matilda Heron, and died at sea when within six days' sail from that port. At that time Emily Lewis was a member of the corps de ballet at the Broadway Theatre, and in August of that year she was united in marriage to Mr. Bland. Under his guidance she became a fair actress, playing chiefly walking ladies and light roles. In a bill of the Washington (D. C.) Theatre of Dec. 14, 1860, now before us, we see that Mr. Bland was the stage-manager, and that Mrs. Bland played Poo-tee-pet in Pocahontas and Arabella in The Dutch Actor. Mr. Bland died in this city, Jan. 17, 1869, and since then deceased has been seen infrequently upon the dramatic stage. At this time mention of a peculiar coincidence may be not inappropriately made. In the New York Herald of July 2, which contained the public announcement of Mrs. Bland's death, the following advertisement appeared under the heading of "Lost and Found:"

LOST—An old gold watch, No. 51,645; engraved, "Presented to G. W. Lewis by Friends and Company of Walnut Street Theatre;" appreciated as a dying gift of a father. Liberal reward if left at 51 Chambers street, Room 3.

Her funeral took place from her late residence July 3 at two o'clock p. m.

RICHTER.—London Figaro: The receipts at St. James' Hall at the final Richter concert amounted to nearly £900, and the net profit must have been at least £600. Not only was every seat filled, but the walls round the hall were lined with gentlemen and even ladies in evening costume, glad to remain standing 2 1-2 hours to listen to so magnificent a performance. The free list was, of course, peremptorily abolished, and large premiums were offered for seats. A special feature of the audience, too, was the large number of people who followed the choral symphony full score in hand, noting carefully in mind or with pencil the readings which were new to them. A more brilliant audience—an audience of intellect—has rarely been gathered within the walls of St. James' Hall; while, from a pecuniary point of view, so much money has seldom been earned by an orchestral concert in this popular building.

ADAMOWSKI.—Timothie Adomowski, the violinist, will probably not return to Europe this summer, though a tempting offer from a noted concert manager in London is still at his disposal. While Adamowski's acceptance of this offer would not interfere with engagements already made for him at the Worcester (Mass.) festival and elsewhere, he will quite likely conclude to spend the summer at Nahant and various other favorite resorts. He has lately returned from Newport, where he has been the guest of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Harry Clifton, Jule Keene, Harry Irving and Miss Connie Thompson have been engaged for Buffalo Bill's company the coming season. Irving is re-engaged. Open season at Windsor Theatre August 25.

A NEW PLAY.

[N. Y. Clipper.]

From a circular now before us we learn that a new play is about to be brought to public notice—a play which greatly differs from all other plays in its construction and treatment. It is written in blank verse, and in its composition the author seems to have left the books altogether, and to have struck out in a path of his own. That our readers may share with us the amusement which this opening has afforded us, we publish the circular precisely as it is, without further comment. We ought to remark, however, that the author is to be commended for his boldness in disregarding all conventional rules in playwriting, and giving us altogether a new departure:

BENLET AND MELLEEN TREELAWN.

A TRAGEDY.

BY JOSEPH WILSON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Leeown Treelawn, a lawyer.
Crablaw, his student.
Benruno.
Benlet, cousin to Benruno.
Perchug, friend to Benruno and Benlet.
Underwater, Prefix, } Perchug's room-mates.
Nip Groundbark, a retired farmer.
Hem, son to Mrs. Doollarety.
Between, a coal-hauler.
Bygollynegurda, a little boy.
Flavy Taster, lover to Pole Curnrine.
Onion, the Goose Creek Mastodon, the largest man on earth; Suseaton Cakefreckle's private policeman.
A Hotel Landlord and his office-boy.
The Devil, two of his angels, and eleven fiends.
Mrs. Treelawn, mother to Leeown Treelawn.
Melleen Treelawn, her daughter.
Mary Tronton, friend to Melleen Treelawn.
Seanello Groundbark, daughter to Nip Groundbark.
Suseaton Cakefreckle and her fourteen female Dailies, the Putnam gossiping society.
Two of God's angels.
Jumime Hicklebottom, Pole Curnrine, } strumpets, and they are chasy pards.
No. 1, No. 2, } Assistants to Suseaton Cakefreckle.
Mrs. Doollarety, a washerwoman.
Traveling men, boys, niggers, etc., etc.

Scene: Zanesville, O., and Chicago, Ill.

This Benlet and Melleen Treelawn is in five acts. Its author is Joseph Wilson, a young man whose home is in Putnam, a pretty little village now known as the Ninth Ward of Zanesville, O. He is now engaged in the Fenner Photo Gallery at Gallipolis, O., where he has built up a fine reputation as a number-one operator and a splendid retoucher. In leisure hours Mr. Wilson has devoted his attention to the composition of this play, and not without good results. The play is a strong pen-picture of a phase of American life which is daily enacted in the fast lives of too many of our American girls. The actions in this play are natural, the situations not strained; and he who fails to see here an interesting and truthful delineation of human character knows little of life. An idea of the play may be formed from the following brief:

Melleen Treelawn is a fine specimen of the modern willful, spoiled girl. Mrs. Treelawn, a doting mother, is fond of her handsome daughter. A brother to Melleen is Leeown Treelawn, an able lawyer. They all live in a beautiful home in the ancient and aristocratic city of Zanesville. One lovely afternoon Melleen, while reclining in the great easy chair in the parlor, and perusing the latest novel, looks out of the window and sees a grand-looking gentleman, young and gay, passing along the street. Melleen, like all silly young girls, is intensely interested, and just for fun gives her little handkerchief a flirt—this led to her ruin; for the grand-looking gentleman proved to be none other than Benlet, whose character may be known from the following opinion, as given by Melleen's brother Leeown, in the second act:

> Benlet is a man who would by his
> Presence impress upon our imaginations
> Scenes of a living hell: lay bare damnation
> To the core by intruding upon our rights,
> Robbing us of sweet home's comfort—I mean
> My loving sister—who is, as yet, unblemished;
> But before six short months appear she may
> Be refused by the black band of Africa.

Benlet had not long been in Zanesville, but his experienced eye, in that little flirt, detected a victim. He boldly goes to the window and introduces himself. Leeown, the brother, from his office window happens to behold his sister's imprudence, and at home gives Melleen a bit of his mind in her mother's presence. This only adds fuel to the flames of the young girl's passion for the fine gentleman Benlet, who is blessed with good friends, such as Benruno and Underwater, whose characters are well set forth in the extract below from First Act. Also among Benlet's friends must be included Jumime Hicklebottom, Pole Curnrine, Hem, Perchug, and Mary Tronton. These are every-day characters; they ramify society in every direction, and the whole, when held up to public view in a play like this, presents a strange conglomeration, a queer mixture of virtue and vice, of wealth and poverty—a texture so intimately woven as to defy dissection; for who can tell where virtue begins, where vice ends; where happiness reigns supreme and sorrow comes not. Melleen is young, beautiful, rich—possessed of powerful friends; but near her are demons in human shapes, who have their co-workers, while society hath its gossips: and this play were incomplete without the character of Suseaton Cakefreckle and her fourteen female Dailies. Suseaton is everybody's friend, knows everybody's affairs, and, with the assistance of her Dailies, the ruin of Melleen is no sooner accomplished than Putnam's chief gossip is rolling it under her tongue as a sweet morsel of high-life scandal. There is a beautifully-portrayed pantomime scene in this play, viz.: Mrs. Treelawn's dream, in which appear Two of God's angels, the Devil, two of his angels, and eleven fiends.

This play will be ready for the stage in 1881; also, in the same year, it will be printed in pamphlet form and sold throughout the earth. CHARLES J. CLARKE.

GALLIPOLIS, O., June 10, 1880.

[Extract from First Act.]

* * * * *

UNDER.— I am
Glad to hear that you will remain with us
So long; but have you ever been in Troy, New York?
BENL.—No, I never have.
UNDER.— Never been in Troy, New York?
BENL.—No, sir, never.
UNDER.— Well, then, you never have
Traveled much.
BENL.— Well, I cannot say that I
Have. Still, I have been in all of the principal
Cities in the United States; such as Cincinnati, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and San Francisco.
UNDER.— And never have been in
Troy, New York.
BENL.— No, sir, I never have.
UNDER.— Nor
In Kalamazoo, Michigan, either?
BENL.—No, sir, never.
UNDER.— Then, before Benruno,
Here, you never have seen a city. My
Father lives in Troy, New York.
BENL.— Indeed!
UNDER.— Yes,
Sir, he is a man of means, too. Oh,
Yes, we have one of the finest houses in Troy.
My father has retired from business.
Yes, yes; he can be seen, most any evening,
Sitting on the back porch, smoking his old
Clay pipe—he never smokes common tobacco.
BENL.—No!
UNDER.— Has it all imported.
BENL.— I am amazed!
UNDER.—We have good wine in the cellar, forty barrels.
Yes, all of the best quality. The old
Man's knee is stiff; but that is all one—he
Will cure it just as easy; his ankle hurts
Him just as hard—but the old woman will
Cure it just as easy. My mother is a
Good old woman, but she joined the Methodist
Church against my will, and I never shall
Forgive her. But she is modest, always
Knows her place. One of her eyelids droops a
Little, which spoils the looks of her somewhat.
There was a doctor who said that he could
Cure it—that is, keep it from drooping.
BENL.— I
Wonder: could he not relieve her?
UNDER.— Well, it
Still droops just as easy. It cost the old man
A hundred dollars, just as hard.

[Benruno is restless on his chair.]

Now I
Will give you a description of our house,
Our cellar, our barn, and our little poodle
Dog. For instance, this is the cellar—

[Marking on the floor with a piece of chalk.]

Now
You go into the cellar through this door.
Here is a barrel of wine; here a barrel
Of whisky, and here—
BENRU.— What, what, what! Choke him,
Benlet, or he will mesmerize you. Underwater
Has told me everything appertaining to
And connected with his father, with his
Mother, and with himself. Why, I know every
Pebble in his father's yard, its color,
Its size and its whereabouts; how many hairs
There are in his old father's scalp; his tonsil
Is weak, and his left lung gone; he takes blue
Mass three times a day; never coughs loud when
He is in bed but that he wakes his wife
Up; then his wife puts another pillow
Under his head, gives him a little cough
Candy—then forthwith he lies down, and bothers
Her not again that night. Why, Underwater
Told me yesterday how his father puts
On his shirt; that, his arm being sore,
What a terrible exertion it is
For him to thrust his arm through the sleeve of
It. I know every peg that is in the soles
Of their hired girl's shoes; that she is an excellent
Kissist, a good huggist, and that she broke
Three of Troy's ribs squeezing him.
BENL.—You overreach, coz.

* * *

SCENE V.—Benruno's room. Benlet sitting close by a table, on which is a bottle of whisky. He is soliloquizing with himself—having just accomplished the ruin of Melleen.

BENL.—I have more of what is termed good, genuine
Cheek than any man in America.
I never blushed but once in my life, and
That was twenty years ago, when my mother
Turned me over her knee and spanked me.
I have the outward appearance of a man,
But within I am corrupt from the floor
To the ceiling. There is nothing new in
Nature but what goes at such a snail gait
That we cannot discover it; therefore,
Anything new would be thankfully appreciated.
If the Earth would only roll West awhile,
Making the East West and West East, it would
Raise quite an excitement, especially among
The women, who would run mad and abuse
Their husbands shamefully. If I were running
This solar system, I would make a new
Planet every day, on the which I would put
One woman only, and let her rave and pull
Her hair out by the roots for the sight of
A man; and when I would run out of material
For the want of something to make planets
Out of, I would marry the remainder
Of the women and make globes out of them;
For they are very opaque. A man is a
Good thing in his place; but a woman is
Of less consequence. Now I will drink.

[He takes a drink of whisky.]

He
Who has never been drunk knows not the sweet
Harmony therewith connected. When I drink
Whisky, I have more disposition than a
Cat has lives; ready at any minute to hug
My enemy, but damn my friend. The elements
Are now playing most excellent music—
But what will be my condition in the morning,
When they play the dirge? All I hate about
Whisky is that it eats the coating from my
Stomach. I would not give a day's drunk to
Marry the best woman in America.
All of the blood that was in my veins is
Now in my brain, dancing a waltz, locked
Arms with my soul. In my brain perfect peace
Dwells. My soul goes from veneration into
Destructiveness without the least disturbance.
All of my other faculties and organs
Are on equal friendship with my soul. If
I were worth a hundred dollars, I would
As freely give it to a widow woman
As I now take a drink of this whisky.

[He drinks again.]

Such is my charity for the needy. I will not
Argue, nor will I uphold it, that too much
Whisky is good for the system, but just enough
To make the elements work rightly; for
The elements, like anything else of importance,
Must be tempered correctly to produce
The best effect. I have drunk so much whisky
Out of this bottle, that I have worn the rim
Of it off, coming in contact with my mouth.
Still, notwithstanding, it will come mighty convenient
For the baby to cut its teeth upon.

[Enter Benruno.] * *

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Joseph Wilson, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

THUMB.—Mrs. Tom Thumb is described by a correspondent as she appeared recently in the surf. She is now a perfect matron in miniature. Her face, though still pretty, shows her age, and has a quaint, motherly expression. She is a realization, in a small way, of fair, fat and forty. She wore a suit of blue-gray flannel, which was jaunty and coquettish before it got wet. Her arms were bare to the tops of her shoulders, in each of which was a pretty little dimple, and there was a shapely taper down to her wrists. Her small feet were uncovered. She had a comically dignified air, and stepped into the surf with the air of a knee high queen. She waded boldly until she met the first wave, which soused her, flopped her down, rolled her over and over, and finally threw her up on the sand. All the style had been instantaneously drenched out of her clothes, but, "take her altogether, she looked better after the ordeal than did most of the bigger women." Her husband is enormously fat, wears whiskers, and shows all of his fifty years. His brother-in-law, Major Newell, who was a dwarf of very small proportions when he married Minnie Warren, has since grown to a stature of five feet.

James Dullaghan of Portage writes to say that his Opera House is not in Litt & McFarlane's Wisconsin Circuit, and that he is sole manager of the house. See card.

A TALK WITH BROCOLINI.

HIS VIEWS ON FOREIGN MUSICAL EDUCATION—HIS PREFERENCES FOR LONDON—GREAT SINGERS ACROSS THE WATER.

[Rochester Sunday Herald.]

Last week a reporter of the Herald learning that Mr. Brocolini, the well known basso prominently connected with English musical circles, was making a brief sojourn in the city, sought and was accorded an interview with the distinguished artist. Brocolini is better known on this side of the water as John Clarke, which is his real name, the former being his professional soubriquet.

He has sung several times in Rochester in former years, and has a large number of warm admirers here. Before entering the musical profession he achieved reputation as a journalist, being prominently connected with the Brooklyn press.

Mr. Brocolini is just in the prime of life, and has a grand basso voice that is yet destined to win him richer laurels than those which have already been bountifully bestowed upon him. He will be remembered as the author of a series of letters written from Milan to the Brooklyn Eagle in which he exposed the impositions practiced on musical students by the Italian professors of music. In view of the fact that a course of study in Europe has become so common with American vocal students the reporter took occasion to glean some valuable information in regard to musical study abroad, commencing with the following question:

"Would you please tell me something about the condition of musical study in Italy as illustrated in your letters to the press?"

"What I tried to expose was the extortion practiced on students in Italy by the operatic managers. Just before the commencement of the season they would come to Milan, visit the different professors of music, and inform themselves concerning those pupils who desired to make a debut. The price which the debutante was to pay would be fixed according to the amount of money which he or she could command. After one or two nights the manager would have the singer hissed by the audience, and making that an excuse for dismissal, would engage another debutante who had more money perhaps. The whole system was connected with extortion and abuse. Lady students, especially, were hounded by the six-penny Italian nobility, and I knew of one case in which an American lady having refused to receive calls from a baron, the latter would order his carriage, which was well known, to be kept standing in front of the lady's residence till 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning."

"What are the relative advantages of England and Italy, and where would you advise a student to go?"

"I should say go to London. The only advantage to be found in Italy is the opportunity for studying and practicing the language. In London you can have the finest teachers in every branch of the art. There are, for instance, Profs. Deacon and William Shakspere, and also Mme. Dolby, one of the most successful teachers of female voices in London. Many of the teachers are connected with the academies, but not all. The Royal Academy, the London Academy, are under the management of professors and furnish a systematic and thorough course of instruction. The South Kensington Training School is under the directorship of Sullivan, the composer, and is the especial pet of royalty. All the principal orchestral solo players are connected with the academies. Joseph Barnby, the well known composer and conductor, is professor of music at Eton. Prof. Garcia is connected with the Royal Academy. Outside the academies there are also Profs. Voschetti, Li Calsi and Sir Julius Benedict, who are all eminent in their profession."

"What can you say of the cost of instruction and living?"

"The best teachers charge from $2.50 to $5 per lesson. It is customary in London to take furnished apartments, which can be had for from 15 to 25 shillings per week. Meals will be furnished at one's apartments at any hour or can be procured at a neighboring cafe. One can live very comfortably on $15 per week. This is more than the same accommodations will cost in Italy."

"What advantages can the student enjoy in the way of hearing first class singing?"

"That is an important part of the artist's education. In London you hear the best singers in the world. The London season begins about the middle of May and continues until about the end of July. During this time you can hear Italian opera at Covent Garden and at Her Majesty's Theatre. After the regular season there is what is called the popular season, at which time only popular prices are charged, and all restrictions of dress are discarded. The season of English opera opens in the Fall, and continues nominally throughout the year. The oratorio season begins in September and continues until May. Of musical organizations there are, Barnby's choir, consisting of 1,000 voices, the Sacred Harmonic, directed by Sir Michael Costa, William Carter's choir and Henry Leslie's choir, which is the great society for glee and part songs. Barnby and Carter hold forth in Albert Hall, the Harmonics in Exeter Hall, and Leslie in St. James Hall. There is also Bach's choir at St. James Hall, led by Otto Goldschmidt, husband of Jenny Lind, and that lady herself can sometimes be seen leading the chorus. There are from twenty-five to thirty minor organizations, all fine societies and led by good conductors."

"Do you think that Adelina Patti will ever come to this country?"

"I asked her that very question a little over a year ago at Manchester, while on a concert tour. She said she would like to come back and see her old home, but she dreaded the voyage. She said she had promised Strakosch to come with him if she came at all; but I was informed just before I left London that she had made a similar promise to Mr. Gye."

"Who are some of the best artists in London?"

"Of the tenors, Fancelli has the finest voice. If he ever comes here the fame of Campanini will be overshadowed. He was a poor, uneducated Italian once. A patron picked him up and educated him. Nothing but the continued success of Campanini will bring him here. Scalchi at Covent Garden and Isebelli at Her Majesty's are the finest Italian opera singers of the present day; Gerster and Albani are, next to Patti, the most prominent primi-donne. Foremost among the baritones are Faure, Cotogni and Rota. Galassi, so successful in this country, occupies a position of secondary importance in London.

"The best basso they have had in London since the time of Carl Formes is Rokitansky, an Austrian. Of leading oratorio and concert singers there are among the soprani Mme. Demmens-Sherrington, who has held the leading position for fifteen years, but is now well nigh on the retired list. Her place is being taken by Miss Mary Davies, a pupil of the Royal Academy. Miss Anna Williams and Mrs. Osgood of Boston also enjoy splendid reputations. Mme. Edith Wynne is still popular, but does not sing as frequently as formerly.

"Mme. Sherrington's younger sister, Josie Sherrington, is also an artist occupying a first-class position. Mmes. Patey, Antoinette Sterling—the latter an American lady married to an Englishman—and Enriques are the leading contraltos. The prominent tenors are Mr. Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, William Shakespeare, Vernon Rigby, and Barton McGuckin. Among the baritones there are Mr. Charles Santley, Thurley Beale, Mr. Maybrick, better known here as Stephen Adams, the composer of "Nancy Lee," "A Warrior Bold," etc. The bassos are few indeed. There are Messrs. Foley, Behrens, Thomas, and I suppose I may say myself. To this list there might be added a large number of artists of secondary importance in England, who might be considered first-class in America."

"Mr. Brocolini, where did you study?" was the next question asked by the reporter.

"I was some time under the instruction of San Giovanni in Milan, Italy. While there I was engaged by the agent of Mapleson, who heard me sing one evening. I remained with that manager for over two years, in which time I sang in five opera seasons, London and provincial, and one concert tour in company with the late lamented Mme. Titiens. I had a misunderstanding with Mapleson and broke my engagement."

"What operas have you sung in?"

"I made my debut as Ferrando in Trovatore. I have also sung in the Huguenots, Roberto il Diavolo, Il Puritani, Fidelio, Lucia, Martha, Don Giovanni, Norma, Lucrezia Borgia, Rigoletto, Il Barbiere, Il Flauto Magico, Le Nozzeti Figaro, and others which I cannot recollect at this moment."

"What oratorios have you sung in?"

"I have taken part in many oratorios, such as The Messiah, The Creation, Acis and Galatea, Elijah, St. Paul, Moses in Egypt, Mozart's Twelfth Mass, Stabat Mater, Mount of Olives, The Seasons, Gounod's Messe Solennelle, Macfarren's Joseph, Placida, by Henry Carter, Fridolin, Joshua, Sampson, Eli, Walpurgis Night, and others which I do not recollect."

"May I ask," said the reporter, "if you have matured your plans for the future?"

"Not fully. I had some private business to transact in the United States, and so accepted an offer from Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan to take the part of the Pirate King, in The Pirates of Penzance. I have a few weeks of my engagement yet to complete, when I shall return to England, and there I will form my plans for next season."

CAPOUL.—M. Victor Capoul, the French tenor, has been furnishing the Paris Figaro with a graphic account of his extended professional tour through the United States. Very naturally this superior person has much to say about our hotels. He says that they are magnificent palaces, such as one never sees in France, but the talented French artists literally perish of hunger in them. He complains bitterly of the boiled beef and the ox-tail soup thick with pepper. We long ago gave up all attempts in this country to please opera-singers. Hotel proprietors have worn themselves out in the effort, and have quit in despair. In view of the fact that nearly all our leading hotels employ French cooks, one would naturally think that even the most delicate and fastidious of the French singers might manage to survive after a fashion in our midst. But it is a peculiarity of the Gallic warbler that he is never contented outside of his own fair land. Give him a dozen Parisian cooks in this country and he would then rail against the texture of the meats and the fibre of the vegetables. The opera singer is nothing but a voice and a stomach, and one would think from the amount of trouble that this interesting class creates about hotels that ten times more attention is given to the cultivation of the latter than is bestowed upon the former. An average singer in good working order can eat more than a hired man. When it comes to drinking the stowage capacity is simply enormous. It is not an uncommon thing to see a great artist like Campanini or Brignoli wash down a dinner that would founder a deck-hand with a quart bottle of claret and a syphon of seltzer.

BUNCHED.—Teresa Carreno is at Mt. Vernon, Westchester County, N. Y.; Ferd. Dulcken is at Flushing, L. I.; Theodore Toedt and his sister Matilda are stopping at Woodsburg, L. I.; Miss Ida W. Hubbell, the soprano, is at the Catskills, and Anna Drasdil, the contralto, is roaming among the Berkshire Hills; Mlle. Marie Litta will pass the Summer at her home in Bloomington, Ill.; Tom Karl is in Rochester, N. Y.; Blanche Davenport is at the family home, Canton, Pa.; Miss Antonia Henne is up at the White Mountain, Gertrude Franklin at Pigeon Cove, Mass.; and Sig. Tagliapietra at Pelhamville, East River, N. Y.; Miss Agnes Halloch is at her home in Harrisburg, Pa.; Dr. William Berge and family will rest at Charlestown, N. H., and L. D. Gottschalk, baritone, will spend his vacation at West Grove, Pa.; Blind Tom is in the city; Maude Harrison is in Paris; Josefly will tarry the Summer at Bridgeport, Conn.; Wilhelmj goes to Saratoga; Annie Fox English will continue to reside in Indianapolis, whether Papa-in-law English is elected or not.

GOOD-NIGHT—GOOD-BYE.

Say not good bye! Dear friend, from thee
A word too sad that word would be.
Say not good bye! Say but good-night;
And say it with thy tender, light,
Caressing voice, that links the bliss
Of yet another day with this.
Say but good night.

Say not good-bye! Say but good night:
A word that blesses in its flight,
In leaving hope of many a kind,
Sweet day like this we leave behind.
Say but good-night! Oh, never say
A word that taketh thee away!
Say but good night!
Good-night!

OBITUARY.

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MANAGER THOMAS L. DONNELLY—HIS CAREER AS ACTOR AND MANAGER.

Thomas L. Donnelly, the veteran Irish comedian and theatrical manager, died at his residence, No. 264 West Twenty-fourth street, Saturday night last, in the 48th year of his age. The immediate cause of his death was erysipelas, arising from a carbuncle on his neck which developed about three weeks ago.

Thomas Lester Donnelly was born in London, England, on Christmas Day, 1832, his parents being people in well-to-do circumstances. As a lad he was fond of amateur theatricals, and displayed an aptitude for the art which won for him so much commendation that he determined to adopt the stage as a profession. At the age of 21 he entered professional life, playing Irish low comedy in the "provinces." About 1855 he came to the United States, and at once secured an engagement at Wood's National Theatre, Cincinnati. He played there for two or three seasons, under the stage name of Thomas Lester, and won quite an eviable local reputation. Among other well-known actors who played at Wood's in the same company with him were James W. Collyer, John Mathews and T. B. McDonough. Subsequently he acted in Louisville, Ky., and in other Western and Southern cities. During his early career in this country he played under the name of Thomas Lester, but eventually used his full name.

In 1856 Mr. Donnelly organized a traveling company, and with it made a tour of Ohio, Indiana, Missouri and other Western States, and played again over the same route in 1857. At the breaking out of the war he came to New York and secured an engagement with George Wood, who was then managing the old Broadway Theatre, and in the seasons of 1862 and 1863 he played low comedy with George L. Fox at the Old Bowery. The following year he joined the Worrell Sisters' burlesque company at the New York Theatre, and later on played the Signal Man at the same house in Daly's play, Under the Gaslight. His next engagement was at the Winter Garden Theatre, where he for once dropped comedy and played the High Priest in Pizarro, a part for which he was very well fitted, as he possessed a rich voice, and in that character was required to sing chaunts and psalms in the service of the Temple of the Sun. In 1865 he played Off-a-nagan in The Veteran at the opening of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, a part in which the late John Brougham will be remembered, and in singing the song "Old Ireland, You're My Darling," he evoked tumultuous applause. Shortly afterward he rejoined the Worrell Sisters' troupe and began to play female burlesque characters, and made quite a hit as Clorinda in Cinderella. He remained with them for two seasons and traveled over nearly all the Northern and Western States. By this time he had become to some extent the master of circumstances, and left the stage to assume the role of a manager.

In 1867 Mr. Donnelly opened a comedy-variety theatre in Brooklyn called the Olympic, and ran it with profit for eight years. Together with John F. Poole he had managed the Theatre Comique and other theatres in this city during brief periods of time in the Summer; and as their ventures in copartnership had generally proved prosperous, they determined to try their fortunes in managing the Grand Opera House, which they opened Nov. 13, 1876, with Mrs. G. C. Howard and a company in Uncle Tom's Cabin. By presenting first-class attractions at low prices of admission they hit the popular taste, and the theatre became one of the most prosperous in this city. They have presented their patrons with nearly all the principal stars and combinations touring the country.

The deceased manager leaves a widow (formerly Miss Kate Williams in the profession, but retired for many years) and two sons and two daughters. Those he leaves behind are well provided for, among his possessions being a fine Summer residence and farm at Babylon, L. I. Mr. Donnelly was of a free, generous nature, a good business man, and esteemed by all with whom he came in contact. Though never ostentatious in his deeds of charity, there are many who will bless his memory for prompt relief bestowed in times of pressing need. Besides the business relations which existed between Poole & Donnelly, there was the warmest friendship, they being inseparable companions. The funeral took place yesterday (Wednesday).

Joseph McArdle's Death.

Joseph McArdle died, after a short illness, at the Edwin Forrest Home, Holmesburg, Pa., July 2, in the 65th year of his age, and his funeral took place at four o'clock p. m. July 4, from that home. In early life Mr. McArdle was a butcher in this city. He attracted the attention of Edwin Forrest many years ago by the ardent support he gave that actor when such support during his engagements in the Bowery Theatre was to him a very desirable matter. Mr. McArdle worked hard in Forrest's cause, and induced numbers of other persons to rally about his standard. Forrest, who was very peculiar in his likes and dislikes, never forgot the service that McArdle had rendered him, and leased the Florence Hotel, a popular resort for professionals years ago, at the corner of Broadway and Walker street, and installed McArdle as landlord, promising to be his financial backer. After paying some twelve or fifteen thousands of dollars indebtedness for the new landlord, the tragedian thought that it would be more profitable to employ McArdle in some other position; consequently he made him his agent and general factotum, which position he held until the tragedian's death. Although McArdle was not mentioned in Forrest's will, the executors believed that they would be carrying out the tragedian's wishes if they provided for McArdle, so he was retained as a sort of general superintendent of the property in Forrest's residence, on Broad street, Philadelphia, and at the opening of the Edwin Forrest Home in Holmesburg he was installed there in a similar position, which he held until his death.

NEW YORK MIRROR

FOUNDED IN 1822 BY GEORGE P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

THE ACCREDITED ORGAN OF THE THEATRICAL MANAGERS AND THE ONLY EXCLUSIVELY DRAMATIC NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA.

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NEW YORK, JULY 10, 1880.

Madison Square Theatre.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

24TH STREET, ADJOINING FIFTH AVE. HOTEL.
STEELE MACKAYE.....Manager
DANIEL FROHMAN .....Business Manager

SIXTH MONTH OF HAZEL KIRKE.

A WINTER AND SUMMER SUCCESS.

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Haverly's 14th Street Theatre.

Corner 14th Street and Sixth Avenue.
J. H. HAVERLY.....Proprietor and Manager.

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PLEASURE PARTY
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OUR GOBLINS;
or,
FUN ON THE RHINE.

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Friday, July 9, benefit of the
ATTACHES OF THE THEATRE.

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CHAS. A. HASLAM.....Business Manager.
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THE NEW YORK MIRROR *is on sale every Thursday noon at all the news stands in this city, and in out-of-town places as soon thereafter as can be reached by mail and express.*

The Press Club and Actors' Fund.

Some of the members of the New York Press Club are now organizing a Mutual Aid Association to provide a fund for the widows, orphans or representatives of deceased journalists, a burial fund, and, eventually, a sick fund. According to the proposed by-laws, the active members of this Association will consist exclusively of members of the Press Club; but any person who has been engaged for one year in literary pursuits may become an auxiliary member. It is proposed to raise the money for the funds of the Association first by the initiation fees to be paid by all members, and then by an assessment of one dollar and ten cents upon every surviving member whenever any member dies. In other words, this is the old idea of a whip around for the benefit of the deceased—and a very good idea it is as long as a sufficient number of members will remain to be whipped. The same scheme has been often tried in the dramatic profession and it has always fallen through, because the living members would not respond to the formal assessments, although most of them would have cheerfully given five times the amount of money had they been appealed to personally. We shall not refer to the last dramatic attempt of this sort, when nobody could tell what had become of all the money collected; for the misfortune of such a swindle is not to be feared from the Press Club, which will have virtual control of the Aid Association. But if anybody proposes to extend the same system to professionals, it will be well to begin operations by the appointment of a committee of investigation to find out who has pocketed the sums paid into a certain pseudo dramatic newspaper office in response to circulars from the scoundrelly secretary of a bogus burial fund that never buried anybody, and has now probably buried itself in the stomachs of its roguish projector.

The Actors' Fund, which has so often been advocated in our columns and which has been endorsed by all the leading members of the profession, is not to be complicated by initiation fees or assessments. Leading managers throughout the country have already pledged themselves to give benefit performances to establish the Fund, and at least twenty thousand dollars can be secured by this means as a basis of supplies. Perhaps twenty thousand dollars is a low estimate—some people tell us that we ought to make it one hundred thousand; but if it is too low, it is at least enough. After that, the interest upon the original Fund and the yearly contributions from the regular annual benefits will give all the money that can possibly be needed, and will enable the profession to dispense with the present charitable organizations, which really help nobody except their officials. This is a simpler system than "the one dollar and ten cents all round at every death" adopted by the Press Club, and it will suit the profession better than the Press Club system will suit the journalists. The profession has this advantage over the press, that such remunerative benefits are possible. Journalists cannot give the entire receipts of a prominent paper for one day to their fund, and if they compile a book to be sold for its benefit the book usually brings the fund in debt to the printer or publisher. Very often journalists are compelled to take a lesson from the profession, and by getting up amateur performances they seek to help their suffering brethren or the widows and orphans of the deceased. This is the system adopted by the Savage Club of London—the greatest press club in the world—and has sometimes been very successful, the Queen attending the amateur theatricals and paying liberally for her box. The members of the Club write the pieces for these benefit performances, act in them, hand over the proceeds to the stricken family, and that is the end of the fund, until another case for relief occurs and another fund has to be raised by another benefit.

Such hand-to-mouth organization as this, although it may meet the requirements of the situation in London, will be superseded by the better plan of the Actors' Fund as soon as that plan is once in practical operation. A simultaneous benefit at several leading theatres, to be followed by a regular annual benefit at each theatre, will place so much money at the disposal of the Fund that, in ten years, it will be the richest charity in this country, although we hope that it will always be the most liberal in its methods and its donations. Indeed, we are encouraged to believe that, after a few years of experience of the workings of this Fund, there will be turned into its ample treasury the amounts of money now held in trust for the Dramatic Fund and the Edwin Forrest Home, and now worse than wasted, as everybody knows, by the cumbrous machinery of its distribution. By making every manager who takes part in the Actors' Fund a local agent with authority to immediately relieve the cases in his own district and draw upon the Fund Treasurer for the outlay, the most experienced investigation, the speediest succor and the least trouble to all concerned will be ensured, and we know of no system of charity distribution now in operation that can compare in efficiency with this. Now, since the plan is ready, the money is ready, the workers are ready, and the poor we have always with us, whose fault is it that the requisite of a simple organization is delayed? Any prominent manager can issue a call to his fellow-managers that would settle the whole business in a week. If Manager Wallack be too lazy, Manager Palmer too modest, Manager Abbey too absent, Manager Haverly too busy, and so on down the city list, let the veterans of the provinces come to the front and do their duty. If they also hold back, we forewarn them that THE MIRROR is ready to take up the work, and that we are only offering them the credit and the glory of the initiative.

A Fourth of July Lesson.

The very quiet Fourth of July which has just passed may be considered from a financial, as well as from a patriotic, point of view. There was in this city no public celebration, no military parade, no speeches (except at Tammany Hall), no fireworks, no ringing of bells and firing of cannon such as old John Adams predicted would always demonstrate the gratitude of a free people. New York, like a converted coquette, seemed determined rather to repulse than invite the attentions of her usual visitors. The consequence was that everybody who could get away went out of town. Cars, steamboats, carriages, every possible means of conveyance, were crowded from Friday to Monday. The city was practically depopulated. The five theatres that kept open were visited by so few people that they were not thought worthy of even a line in the daily papers. The tens of thousands of dollars which used to be expended here in celebration of Independence Day were garnered by the railroad and steamboat companies and by hotel proprietors out in the country. Whether or not this sort of a "quiet Fourth" is a good thing for the metropolis is worthy of consideration. When everybody goes out of town the butchers, bakers, fishmongers, wine merchants, restaurateurs and all other classes of business people suffer as much as the theatrical people. Instead of the money of the provincials being garnered here by the influx of visitors that used to be one of the great features of "the day we celebrate," our citizens took away their own money and expended it upon the provinces. Quiet as it undoubtedly was, the Fourth was not a day of rest. The tired travelers standing up in the cars or drenched with rain upon the steamboats did not look as if they were resting. It was a day of very hard work for the benefit of outsiders who should have been enjoying themselves in New York, instead of making money at our expense in their country homes.

A very little ciphering will show that it is false economy for the metropolis to suppress its parades and fireworks, discontinue its oratorical and other public celebrations, and drive its citizens out of town for amusements instead of attracting thousands of strangers here. We do not speak of the patriotic view of this suspension of the old-fashioned celebration of the Fourth. At this period patriotism, like everything else, must pay in order to be popular. A splendid celebration of the Fourth of July in New York does pay. After deducting all the expenses of the processions and the fireworks, more than a quarter of a million of dollars of profit remains to gladden the hearts and pockets of our citizens. This large sum is worse than wasted by a "quiet Fourth." In the good old times the theatrical season ended with this week, and the Fourth of July was a bonanza for the managers. Since the Fourth has ceased to be celebrated the theatrical season has ended early in June, and it is almost truly said that nobody goes to the theatres on Independence Day. But the thousands who used to cheer the exploits of Old Putnam and his gallant steed at the Bowery and applaud the representation of Washington crossing the theatrical Delaware go farther and fare worse under the present regime. A metropolis is nothing if not attractive, and on such a day we ought to see crowds in the streets and at the theatres, the air ought to be full of national music and bright with flags and banners, our citizen soldiers should display themselves in proud processions, and the city should be made so brilliant that thousands of strangers should visit it to witness the glories of the great holiday. Then the theatrical season, prolonged by the prospect of so triumphant a conclusion, would run uninterruptedly until Fourth of July week and end in a final blaze of popularity like the fireworks. In France the theatres are regarded as so important a part of a national celebration that the Government pays the managers to keep them open free to the public. Here that would not be necessary if the Metropolis would but do its duty in other respects; but when everything possible is being done to drive the people away from New York no wonder that the theatres cannot flourish this week.

We are confident that the ridiculous proportions which "the quiet Fourth" has reached will now cause a reaction, and that we shall see a very different kind of a celebration next year. With a reasonably pacific election, and the legitimate installation of the choice of the people, the country will enter upon a period of prosperity to which the fables af Aladdin will supply no parallel. In this prosperity the profession will share, as we have previously pointed out in THE MIRROR, and one of the first fruits of its prosperity will be a return to the old system of long seasons. Indeed, we shall not be surprised to find that next season will last for ten months and a half, commencing in the middle of August and ending on the Fourth of July. With everything to rejoice over, our citizens are not likely to be contented with a little bell-ringing, a few firecrackers and an exodus to the country next year. The general joy of the whole people will find vent in orations, parades, fireworks, and illuminations, in the good old fashion and the good old spirit. What is the use of having a metropolis if it is only to be a place to get away from on every holiday? It ought to be—and in future we believe that it will be—a place to visit, to see, to travel hundreds of miles to get into, upon such occasions, and then the theatres will do their share of the entertaining and reap their due proportion of the profit. One or two more recurrences of "a quiet Fourth" would lead to a dead Fourth, and our people are too much alive for that. We shall probably have next year an Independence Day in New York more worthy of the occasion, the Metropolis and the country, and if our managers will make a note in advance to provide programmes appropriate to the celebration they will be richly repaid for their foresight and their extra labors.

Your Answers, Gentlemen.

There is no profession that is so united by the bonds of good-fellowship and geniality as that of the actor. Constantly brought into contact with his brethren, both socially and in the practice of his vocation, it is but natural that a broad girdle of hearty good feeling should encircle the time-honored calling, as binding and as deep-reaching as the mystic links that bind together the members of a secret fraternity. The genuineness of this pleasant attribute is often put to the test, and the result generally shows the presence of that true sympathy and warm-hearted cordiality which mark the profession of the actor in strong contrast to that of the lawyer, the clergyman and the physician. Indeed, this commendable quality has become proverbial, and is often quoted by the friends of the play and the player. But, in the midst of this genial state of things, there arises an ugly spectre, which like a frightful nightmare disturbs this harmony and breeds disorder where before the olive-branch of peace flourished unperturbed. Sword in hand the unhealthy apparition flits here and there, and no one knows just who will be singled out for a victim to its fury or its black-hearted treachery. When revelry and pleasure is at its height, a dread silence will fall, palsied hands pause with the wine-cup half drained of its contents, the song dies away upon lips that tremble, the jest is hushed, merry voices sink to affrighted whispers, as word is passed from mouth to mouth that the dreadful spectre has appeared in their midst. With muffled breath, half fearful, half eager, they await to see who will be stricken next.

Beneath this façon de parler we have thus far employed, the reader will have no difficulty in recognizing the personality of the marauding spectre in the sheet which has fed for several years upon the forbearance of a long enduring profession, and which has been pretty thoroughly exposed in THE MIRROR. But of all the horrible assaults in its disgraceful record which we have condemned, there has been none more base than the onslaught upon the character of Edwin Booth which appeared last week. It is not our purpose to defend the reputation of Mr. Booth—his personal character is too well established to be injured by such small animus and venom—but to direct attention to another and a more serious aspect of the matter.

Did it enter the minds of the advertisers and buyers of the scandal sheet last week, that by their patronage they distinctly aided and abetted in this contemptible affront hurled at a gentleman who had just embarked for England, bearing with him the honor of representing the American stage abroad as its first and foremost light? Did they call to mind when they handed over their checks that they were literally paying for the dissemination of more blackguardism? Did the consciences of those admirers who had sat at the Delmonico farewell breakfast and grasped the tragedian's hand in an exchange of good will, prick them when they are called upon to settle their bills? Is it honest friendship that feeds and clothes the bravo whose avowed purpose is to stab our bosom friend in the dark?

Messieurs Managers of New York, we demand of you, in the name of our absent friend, in fairness, in honesty, and, above all, in justice, to give a strict account of your duty to the best interests of the stage and those who follow it as an avocation. If you be the honest men and true which report and our own individual knowledge of your several characters stamp you, you will look deeper into this matter than you have yet done. Step forth, gentlemen, and put yourselves on record as men who will not countenance, much less be party to, the constantly recurring outrages of which that upon Mr. Booth is the latest and perhaps the most aggravated example.

Let the roll-call begin with the name of Mr. A. M. PALMER.

You, sir, are at the head of a theatre and a company which will compare without fear of the contrast with any dramatic organization in the world. The celebrity of your house and yourself is not confined to this city, but spreads out all over the country. The son of a clergyman, by birth and education a gentleman, you and your family dwell in an atmosphere of domesticity and refinement. Moreover, you mingled with the other gentlemen who gathered about the table at the Booth breakfast.

Next, summon Mr. LESTER WALLACK.

You, sir, represent the "Drury of America," a theatre which bears a name that has become not only a household word but a tradition. Your theatre is patronized by the best people of the community, and it has been always associated with the most elevated aims of the drama. You pride yourself upon the position that you hold in our best society; at the banquet to Booth, you were a prominent figure, and in the happy speech you delivered on that occasion you said: "The ship that shall carry him over the ocean, with all her wealth and multitude of life, will bear no more precious burden than Edwin Booth." And then you shook hands with him, and whispered with emotion: "I was not able to say much, but what I did came from my heart." Did the money with which you contributed to the defamation of your host's character last season come from your heart, too? Can it be possible that you, sir, a man of talent, ability and excellent social status, are influenced by the unscrupulous defamer who guides its free lance course to such an extent that you must pander to his wishes by furnishing him with finances to assault your friend? Is the friendship or silence—whichever it may be—of this fellow more precious than the burden of the Gallia, on which national pride and personal respect centre? Surely, there is no dark spot in your career or that of your treasurer which is known only to this blackguard, and which he holds over you like a Damoclean sword, while you cower and cringe beneath, looking impassively on at the attack upon your voyaging friend. Give this matter serious reflection, some of these Summer nights while you pace the deck of your yacht alone, or traverse the broad veranda of your Stamford country-seat.

Next we conjure up Mr. J. H. HAVERLY.

What can we say to you, sir, but that you are the representative showman of the nation, the Colossus that bestrides the theatrical world. You control three theatres in New York, and have more additional enterprises and places of amusement combined than any one or two men in the world. Should the support of a man of such great resources as yourself be given to a paper whose operations are more than questionable, and which very often directs covert darts at your own personal character?

We call next upon Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY, who is now on his way from Europe.

Had you not been absent, there is no doubt that your name would have appeared in the list of prominent guests at the banquet to our great tragedian, which was honored by the presence of citizens and notabilities belonging to the world of letters and of art, and the professions of Bench, Pulpit and Bar. Although, unfortunately, you were unable to be present on that occasion, your best wishes followed the actor whose business affairs you had a few weeks before so successfully managed, and whose name honors one of the two handsome theatres here under your control. Can you hereafter assist the man to gain a livelihood who has striven to injure and blast the good name of your recent coadjutor?

MR. STEELE MACKAYE comes next in our catalogue.

You are the manager and director of a theatre which is especially devoted to the higher ranges of the drama. There hangs about your establishment an atmosphere of æstheticism which caters to the elite of the city. You are a gentleman of new ideas, of progress, and withal of exquisite taste, and you are one of the objects singled out at which to cast mud, by the same hand that at once signs advertising receipts and hurls at you its missiles. Mr. Booth played upon the stage of your theatre not a week before his departure, and if our memory serves us rightly, it is not long since you gave him an insight into the workings and mechanism of your wonderful double stage. Do you, sir, say nothing to this atrocious insult hurled at your guest?

MR. WILLIAM HENDERSON of the Standard Theatre:

You are interested in the best interests of the drama; your wife has won a name for herself through her contributions to stage literature. You who advertise in the offending publication, would you take a copy of that paper into the bosom of your family, and place before its members the incalculably wrong example which it teaches? Are you an enemy or a friend to Edwin Booth?

And now we arrive finally at the name of MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.

Of all managers, we ask nothing, sir, of you. You have already given your reply in actions which speak louder than words. Wisely, justly, and with a manliness highly commendable, you have concluded to ignore the traducer altogether, giving him and his paper neither recognition nor financial aid. You have done your duty, and the result will more than repay you its cost.

Now, managers of New York, will you do your duty as gentlemen and as the recognized representatives of the profession? Will you unite in refusing to support an unworthy journal that is a crying disgrace to the profession on which it thrives, and the debased minds to which it panders? If a poor, weak human being craves opium, should you gratify his appetite for the deadly drug, or should you not do all that your position permits you to do to keep it from him? Why,

then, do you lend your aid to the circulation of a mental drug, more injurious, more poisonous in its effects, than the most fatal preparation of the laboratory? You realize all this? Then you are craven cowards that you dare not breathe a word against the insidious enemy that is undermining, undermining the good names of the pillars of the theatre!

But the awful enormity of the evil which we are pointing out has never been brought home to you in all its hideousness. E. A. Sothern, W. J. Florence, Lawrence Barrett, Frederick Paulding, Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris, Mary Anderson, and many others equally renowned, have long since ignored this repulsive blot.—Gentlemen, can you not do as much?

The means and the power lie in your hands.

THE USHER.

In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

In a recent issue of a London daily there appeared the astonishing statement that the Hon. G. A. R. Field, a brother of Cyrus W. Field, James T. Field, and Judge Field, had secured the Republican nomination for President of the United States. Our friend, the London Figaro, not to be outdone by its contemporary as a chronicler of events, enters the "field" and throws down the gauntlet in the following remarkable contribution to history, which I quote from a late number:

"It is astonishing how precise some people can be in their lack of knowledge. They make of ignorance an exact science, and will give you the precise dates of events that never happened, and complete biographies of men who never lived. Here is a letter I received the other day:

"DEAR ALMAVIVA—In the Figaro of Saturday you wish one of your contributors to mention an actor that has been hanged, in order to correct the gushing paragraph of Mr. Belton. If my memory serves me rightly, I think Edwin Booth, the actor who shot President Lincoln in his box at the theatre by climbing up the side of a pillar and afterward jumped on to the stage—breaking his leg by so doing—was concealed for several days, and when arrested was put on board an American schooner, taken out in the middle of the Atlantic, and hung, his body being afterward thrown overboard.

Yours faithfully, H. L. C.

"My correspondent's memory, so far from 'serving him rightly,' has played him a most extraordinary trick. The assassin of Lincoln was not 'Edwin' Booth at all (who is at this moment one of the greatest of living tragic actors), the details of the murder are misstated, and instead of being hung with this extraordinarily conceived pomp, pride, and circumstance, the wretched man, Junius Brutus Booth, was hunted down and shot like a dog."

We find by to-day's issue of MIRROR, that you make a statement unadvisedly about our advertisements. With the exception of one or two cases, WITHIN THE CIRCLE OF MY OWN FAMILY, there is not a FREE AD. in the book. Are you willing to correct your statement?

The above extract is from a letter received last week from the editor of the Dramatic Magazine, and I hasten to take off my hat and make all necessary apologies for my mistake. I was really ignorant of the extensive range of the Dramatic Magazine editor's theatrical relationship when I said that a large proportion of his professional cards were not paid for, much less did I think that Adelaide Cherie, Adelaide Sherry (?), Annie Pixley, Catherine Lewis, Emily Rigl, Laura Don, Helen Blythe, Fanny Davenport, Marie Gordon, Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Neil Burgess, Joseph Jefferson, and Daniel Froham (?—all more or less free advertisers—were each and every one bound by ties of blood to my distinguished confrere. I ask his pardon for my very natural mistake. Will he permit me, however, to offer him my very sincere condolences because of this large and distinguished "circle of his own family," which must surely dim the lustre of the future brilliant profits of his periodical. It is one of those cases in which the possession of sisters, cousins, etc., is to be (financially) deplored.

The distinguished Hibernian tragedian, Mr. Patrick Rooney, has serious thoughts of making a professional tour of Australia shortly. Add Ryman was questioning him about it the other day.

"I hear you're thinking of Australia," said Ryman to the celebrated actor.

"You hear right," sententiously replied Mr. Rooney, who off the stage dispenses with that Grecian accent which has charmed and entranced listening thousands.

"There are nothing but Kangaroos there, Patrick," said Ryman pleasantly.

"What of that?" contemptuously answered the renowned hero of the Irish sock and buskin; "their money's as good as anybody else's, ain't it?"

Long ago THE MIRROR published the information that Mme. Modjeska is not coming to this country next season, and directed the attention of Harry Sargent and managers generally to the fact. A fortnight since we announced the reason: her engagement with the management of the London Court Theatre, where she lately scored an unexpected hit, for one year. Several days later, the Herald devoted over half a column of its space to a cablegram announcing the news that we had already published. It is not often that any paper takes the wind out of Bennett's great paper in the matter of news, but THE MIRROR this time succeeded in getting in ahead of our esteemed contemporary that time. The various managers, who on the representations of Sargent had booked the Polish star, knowing the reliability of their recognized organ in such matters, and realizing the resources and facilities it possesses for securing impostant information in advance, cancelled their dates on the heels of our announcement. The misinformed and mistaken Major Domo Sargent they say is mad as a hornet, and the air in his own immediate neighborhood is indigo blue with his oaths for vengeance against somebody. Fortunately, an expanse of several thousand miles of salt water separates him from his fickle star, or who could answer for the consequences!

Last week THE MIRROR entered upon its fourth volume. When are the wiseacres and seers who gravely prophesied that it would be dead and forgotten long ere this? I should like to find a few just now and bring them into our office to discuss a cigar over our subscription list, advertising books, circulation records, and other pleasant treasures of our prosperous archieves.

PERSONAL.

HOWARD.—Bronson Howard has returned to England.

POLK.—J. B. Polk is enjoying a vacation in Maryland.

FLORENCE.—Mr. and Mrs. Florence sailed for Europe yesterday.

BOOTH.—Marion Booth will pay Mary Anderson a visit next week.

ROOSEVELT.—Blanche Roosevelt will shortly visit Longfellow at Nahant.

WALLACK.—In October, Arthur Wallack will lead to the altar Miss Addie Moss.

BERNHARDT.—It has been definitely decided that Sara will open in Adrienne Lecouvreur.

CAMPBELL.—Bartley Campbell has purchased a delightful country seat on Staten Island.

HAVERLY.—Manager Haverly is in town. He occupied a box to see the Goblins on Tuesday night.

ANDERSON.—Mary Anderson and Henrietta Henderson are often noticed riding together at Long Branch.

LEUTCHFORD.—Arthur Leutchford of the Corinthian Academy of Music, Rochester, arrived in town Tuesday to remain a month. He is booking the best attractions.

BIGELOW.—They say that Sadie Bigelow is soon to be married to a wealthy man about town. Neither Miss Bigelow nor THE MIRROR vouches for the veracity of this bit of news.

CHERIE.—Strakosch is negotiating with Adelaide Cherie to engage her for leading business with Agnes Robertson. She occupied a similar position in Ada Cavendish's company last season.

HILL.—J. M. Hill is looking brown and healthy after his sojourn in the country. He says he gained a pound every day since he was last in town. Just for fun, ask him how long he has been away.

ON THE ISLAND.—Among the theatrical folks noticed at Coney Island Sunday evening were James Collier, Annie Ward Tiffany, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Gardiner, Dan Peyser, and W. H. Brown.

GOMMY.—The Times says: "We want the horrible insect that Hawthorne saw on the face of the dead judge." That is a queer thing for the Times people to want. Haven't they got Gommy?

SMITH.—Mme. P. A. Smith sailed for Europe, yesterday, in search of novelties in her line. In Paris, Mme. S. will make selections for the wardrobes of Misses Maud Granger and Adelaide Cherie. These ladies may rest assured that Mme. S. will discharge her trust in a manner to satisfy them.

SPENCER.—Lillian Spencer, daughter of Dr. G. W. Spencer of Pittsburg, Pa., has signed a contract with Max Strakosch for three years. Miss Spencer is looked upon in amusement circles as a young lady of great dramatic ability and promise. She commences her starring tour at the Fifth Avenue Theatre Aug. 9, in a new play written expressly for her by Emma Schiff, entitled Norah's Vow.

PAULDING.—In consequence of the illness of his mother, Frederick Paulding will not travel professionally this season. All engagements are cancelled, as per announcement. Our outside pages had gone to press when Mr. P.'s agent called to announce the change in plans, hence the appearance of two cards is unavoidable. Mr. Paulding will go to Europe to study. He has an offer from Mr. Irving to act in his company at the Lyceum, London, which he may accept—simply as a means of improvement, as Mr. Irving takes an interest in his welfare.

Viscount Newry, well known in English theatrical circles, and especially as the lessee of the theatre which involved the late H. J. Montague in debt, has just succeeded to the title and estates of his grandfather, the Earl of Kilmory, who died June 20, at the age of 93.

Mr. George L. Pender, formerly associated with Astley's, informs the Era that he has discovered "another Menken" in the person of Maude Forrester, who has been appearing as Mazeppa at the Volks Theatre, Brooklyn, and that he proposes ere long to introduce her to London.

FREDERICK PAULDING UPON EDWIN BOOTH.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

DEAR SIR: I have waited with whatever patience I could command, in the hope that some other tragedian, older and more experienced than myself, would publicly express the indignation and disgust with which the entire profession has received the outrageous attacks upon Edwin Booth that have recently been printed in the scandalous columns of the so-called Dramatic News. But I am constrained to believe that the contempt which these gentlemen—Mr. Booth's associates and my own in the profession—must feel for that paper, its editor and its utterances, is altogether too deep for words, since they have left to my unaccustomed pen a duty which I should have been glad to see performed by abler hands. For in our noble profession it too often happens that silence is supposed to give consent, and while I share the contempt which my associates undoubtedly feel, I do not share their opinion that the best rebuke for such abuse as that of the Dramatic News is a dignified reticence. By no silence of mine shall anyone be excused for believing that I indorse anything that has been uttered against Mr. Booth, and I am anxious that the great tragedian, slandered in his his absence from his native land, should know that at least one of his friends and admirers does not hesitate to say what all the profession and the public unquestionably feel in regard to the insults to which he has been subjected.

Column after column of vague and offensive generalities from the cowardly pen of a person who would fain pose as an assassin of reputations, but who lacks the courage and skill of a bravo, present but few distinct assertions to be answered by the facts. Mr. Booth has already given the lie direct, in the interview published in THE MIRROR, to one of these slanderous statements, viz.: that he had arranged with the agent of a steamboat proprietor to share the proceeds of the Grand Republic excursion on the day he sailed on the Gallia. Mr. Booth pronounced in advance that any such statement was totally false, and that he was very much annoyed to see his name used in advertisements designed to attract excursionists. As the statement of the Dramatic News is slanderous, and as Mr. Booth's contradiction can be corroborated by those of the steamboat proprietor and agent, I hope to see the author of the attempt to stab our greatest tragedian in the back arraigned by the Grand Jury and properly punished. But the American people who have been slandered in the person of their representative actor, need not wait for tardy justice. By utterly ignoring his pernicious publication, by refusing to purchase it, to read it or to advertise in it, by demanding that it be removed from the files of every place which they frequent or patronize, they can quietly kill the viper that is already moribund from its own poison.

The best reply that can be made to the only other distinct statement of the Dramatic News, that of Mr. Booth's habit of intoxication, is to be found in the splendid career of our greatest actor, his blameless private life, the high estimation in which he is held by the most exalted representatives of society, of literature, of art and of the learned professions. This estimation, fitly expressed by the presence and in the speech of Chief Justice Daly, at the Delmonico breakfast, outweighs all such silly calumnies. Since Mr. Booth has been placed, by common consent, at the head of the profession, he has broken no engagement, he has disappointed no audience, he has always been ready to adequately fulfil his duties, and in no single instance has he ever failed to be all, and more than all, that his managers and the public expected. To argue that such a career is consistent with the habit of intoxication would be scandalous folly if it were not libellous malice. You know—the whole profession knows—that Mr. Booth, on and off the stage, has been a model and a guide for all ambitious actors; that he is esteemed by all those who have been associated with him in the theatre not less than by those who applaud him from the auditorium, and that no other breath of scandal, besides the pestiferous utterances of the vile writer who "makes truth a lie," has ever sullied the fair fame of one who is always a gentleman in the greenroom and upon the stage as well as in the drawing-room and in his charming domestic circle.

Take him for all in all
We shall not look upon his like again!

But, sir, if I may be permitted to adapt the weighty words of Daniel Webster, I shall enter upon no eulogium of Edwin Booth; he needs none; behold him and judge for yourselves. Never before has any actor won so proud a place in the affectionate respect of the American people, and the vessel that bore him to England was freighted with good wishes and hearty admiration. I have no fear that the loose libels of a despised paper can effect the public estimate of him, at home or abroad; but I desire that nobody shall be able to say that American actors seemed to concur by their silence in slanders which will be only too eagerly read by congenial sympathizers in a foreign land, and that, if by chance an echo of these slanders shall reach Mr. Booth's generous and sensitive heart, it may be drowned in the magnificent remembrances of his popularity which it is my privilege to recall. I am fortunately able to speak, also, for the leading actors of the English stage, and to repudiate for them, as for my associates here, the slightest sympathy with the vulgar and baseless falsehoods of a paper that, infamous and odious before, is rendered still more despicable by its attempts to injure Edwin Booth. You have seen the tributes paid to Mr. Booth by the glorious gathering of all the professions at his farewell breakfast; but I venture to predict that, whatever may be the critical verdict as to his performances, the social reception which awaits him from the greatest minds of England will be equally worthy of his fame, and another signal rebuke to those detractors who are unworthy to kiss the hem of the tragic robes he wears so grandly.

With my sincere compliments upon the success of THE MIRROR, and my hope that you will find space in your pages (always devoted to the best interests of the profession) for this communication, I remain.

Yours very truly,
FREDERICK PAULDING.

WESTMORELAND HOTEL, July 6, 1880.

Grace Cortland.

Grace Cortland, whose portrait appears upon our first page, is a young lady of great dramatic promise, a scholarly actress of experience, having played three years throughout the Eastern States and British Provinces with marked success. During the past two years she has been located at Minneapolis, Minn., as leading lady of the Metropolitan Theatre. Miss Cortland was the idol of the public there, and the success of the theatre was in a large degree due to her abilities as an actress, and the high esteem in which she was held socially. Acting upon the advice of her many friends, professional and others, she has sought the Metropolis with the view of making herself more generally known, and from the reports we have of the lady's ability, she would be a valuable acquisition to the metropolitan stage. It was remarked not long since by a well-known prima-donna, who chanced to witness Miss Cortland's performance of Nancy Sykes: "What is that lady doing out here [meaning the West]. She reminds me of Clara Morris. She ought to go East." Miss Cortland has placed her business in the hands of Messrs. Gardiner and Spies, who are already negotiating with responsible managers for an opening next season.

The All-the-Year-Round Plan.

[New York World.]

Steele Mackaye has apparently solved the problem of a Summer theatre in the metropolis by the simple process of providing a comfortable and elegant theatre and then presenting in it good plays, played as well in June as they were in January. New York is a metropolis, and like London and Paris has become an incessant resort of strangers and travelers who come here not only to do business, but to "see sights." There is never in this city a lack of audiences. Some of the best financial successes in the history of our stage have been made during Summer seasons. Unfortunately our older managers run their theatres upon tradition, which long ago settled it that theatres cannot pay in New York during dog-days. Steele Mackaye is a young manager for whom tradition has no terrors. He built his theatre against traditions. He fitted it up against traditions. His curtain, his orchestra, his modes of ventilation, his lobby, his box-service, all outrage tradition. Above all, he has violated the tradition that a manager shall disband his regular company on the first of June and lease his theatre to "occasionals" during the hot weather because—as that ancient manager, Simpson, was wont to say—"Audiences, you know, are yachting or at Newport and the town is positively too empty for my company to play to." The recent census shows a resident population here of about a million and a quarter of souls, with probably close on quarter of a million names not obtained; and experts in hotel and railway matters have estimated that on an average about 25,000 transient comers in pursuit of business or pleasure daily reach this city. Counting in the resident population who cannot get out of town and the visitant population who wish to be agreeably amused while in town, it is clear that New York can always give a good play to good audiences.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

Caen, where Auber was born, is about to erect a statue to that composer.

The Duke's Theatre, Holborn, was burned on the 4th of July. Loss, $125,000.

The Opera Comique, Paris, will probably reopen for its Autumn season with Offenbach's Contes d'Hoffman.

At Christ Church, London, on June 16, Percy Gye married Miss Constance Sant, a daughter of the noted painter.

George S. Knight and wife, who are to sail for this country on Aug. 10, are to begin an engagement at Sadler's Wells, London, July 12.

Henry Warren of Chicago, having spent several days in visiting friends and relatives in Baltimore, Md., left there last week to pay his respects to the family of Joseph Jefferson at Hohokus, N. Y.

At the St. James', it is said, there is shortly to be a revival of Dr. Westland Marston's Donna Diana, with Mrs. Kendal as the heroine—Mrs. Hermann Vezin's part when the piece was produced at the Princess' about sixteen years ago.

Ilma Di Murska and Hill, her husband, are suing Col. Mapleson in London for a balance of salary, about sixteen hundred and fifty dollars, due for the lady's professional services. As far as the case has got at last advices, Mapleson has been clearly worsted.

In the list of pieces which the English Lord Chamberlain has declined to license for the English Stage are to be found Le Mari de la Debutante, Les Provinciales and Les Jocrisses de l'Amour. This decision will diminish the Gaiety repertoire of the Palais Royal company.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

—Every dramatic theatre in Baltimore is closed.

—Salmi Morse is coming East to produce his Passion Play.

—Minnie Vining is re-engaged for Wallack's next season.

—Pauline Merritt (sister of Alice Oates) is very ill in Cincinnati.

—Grimaldi Adams has been re-engaged by Tony Denier for next season.

—Hugh Fay has made a decided hit in Chicago, and is now in his fifth week.

—Miss Neilson will probably tender a benefit to manager Maguire of 'Frisco.

—J. J. McNally will be the manager of the Bijou Opera House for E. E. Rice.

—Agnes Leonard has closed for a week at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

—Grace Bennett has been engaged to travel with Mrs. Scott Siddons next season.

—Salvini and Janauschek will probably appear in the leading roles in Macbeth next season.

—The two weeks following Oct. 25, are open at the Standard Theatre for a good attraction.

—Tony Denier closed season in Aurora July 3. The receipts of the season footed up $112,348.75.

—Maurice Grau is to begin a season of opera bouffe in the Standard Theatre, this city, Sept. 13.

—The Roosevelt English Opera company will open a preliminary season at the Union Square, Sept. 15.

—Mr. Hawley, the Brentano of Cincinnati, reports that he sells 75 copies of THE MIRROR weekly to 10 of the D. N.

—J. M. Hickey's Flock of Geese combination with Ad Ryman at the head will play State Fair week in Albany.

—G. W. Demorest, the primo basso formerly with Grau's English Opera troupe, has been engaged to go out with Alice Oates.

—Pat Reilly, the Detroit caricaturist, is under a year's engagement to Harry Miner. From all accounts, Pat is a phenomenon.

—J. J. Spies has entirely recovered from his recent illness, and may be found every day at his Dramatic Agency, 12 Union Square.

—J. Milton Hyde, business manager for C. L. Davis, was married in Delaware, Ohio, 29th. The bride was Miss Josie Waters of that town.

—It is claimed that the vestibule of Goodwin's Chestnut Street Opera House will be the largest and handsomest thing of its kind in America.

—Florence D. Kellogg, a prominent church and concert singer of Buffalo, has been engaged by J. M. Hickey for his Flock of Geese party.

—Bessie Darling will not commence her tour until after the election. During the Summer she will add several new parts to her repertoire.

—Forty-five members of Leavitt's Burlesque company will sail from London Aug. 11. Their passage has been engaged by cable from this side.

—Kate Fisher (of Mazeppa fame) has retired from the profession and is now in Milan, Italy, superintending the education of her daughter Zoe for the operatic stage.

—The 1,000th performance of Evangeline took place at the Boston Theatre last Wednesday night, when a small army of burlesque artists appeared for Manager Rice's benefit.

—Mlle. Pilliard, a European soprano, has been engaged for the operatic campaign. M. De Beauplan intends to begin in New Orleans in the Fall. She has won repute in Brussels.

—E. M. Gardiner, representing Frank Mayo, has purchased Bartley Cambell's play The Virginian for $2,500. It is to be strengthened in several points, and will be produced early next season in New York.

—Instead of in Two Nights in Rome, Miss Ada Cavendish will probably play next season in the same author's The Soul of an Actress, which was early this year produced by Clara Morris in San Francisco.

—The Enchantress and Satanella are the two spectacular operas settled upon by the Holmans for their tour next season. They will carry with them all the scenery, properties and paraphernalia for both productions.

—Haverly's Widow Bedott will tarry three days in Salt Lake, opening there 15th. Usually one widow creates but little interest in the Mormon capital, but we think that this particular Widow will create something of a sensation.

—Manager Warner says that Goodwin's tour commences Sept. 13 in Chicago. The ladies who are to supply the places of Mrs. Goodwin and Miss Weatherby in the company have not been secured, but they will be engaged on the other side.

—Harry Mack, late with the Agnes Herndon combination, will be business manager of the St. John's, N. F., Academy of Music, which is under the management of Josie Loane. The company engaged will leave by steamer August 24.

—Dave Peyser will represent the interests of Manager Greenwall of the Tremont Opera House, Galveston, in this city. Any contracts made by Mr. Peyser will be recognized by Mr. Greenwall, or his authorized agents, Brooks, Dickson & Hickey, 909 Broadway.

—Dan Hopkins becomes J. H. Haverly's private secretary, vice Hart Jackson. Harry Mann remains the able director of the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Dan Frohman leaves the Madison Square to take the helm at the Fifth Avenue, and Charles Haslem continues in charge at Niblo's.

—Hart Jackson writes to say that the Dudley Buck Opera company will not be under the management of J. H. Haverly, but will certainly open at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and will probably appear in other houses in the Haverly chain. Mr. Hart is sole manager of the company.

—The company engaged by H. J. Sargent for Adele Belgarde, through Simmonds and Brown, consists of Harry Meredith, Harry Eytinge, George C. Jordan, R. G. Wilson, J. V. Daly, G. R. Boaler, J. Anderson, J. M. Humphreys, R. B. Bouchier, James Cooper, Mrs. E. M. Post, Miss Loring and May Nugent.

—F. W. Green and J. F. McArdle have just completed for M. B. Leavitt's American Operatic Burlesque Combination Company two new burlesques—one operatic, the other mythological. Each of these has to form the entire evening's entertainment, being in two acts, and lasting two hours and a quarter, the music and songs being a specialty. Mr. McArdle comes to New York to superintend rehearsals.

A CELEBRATED TENOR.

PUBLISHED REMINISCENCES OF GILBERT DUPREZ—GREAT SINGERS AND COMPOSERS—THE TEACHER OF ALBANI, MARIMON, CARVALHO AND HEILBRON.

The life of a celebrated operatic vocalist is rarely an uneventful one. It is not given to every employe at an opera house to be either the darling or the terror of an impresario, to have dukes and princes at his feet, to squander his salary as Mario did and to rely for a subsistence in his old age upon a magnificent subscription started by royalty and munificently added to by those upon whom princes smile. Gilbert Louis Duprez is a tenor of the olden time, who was born seventy-six years ago, and whose celebrity has for half a century been great all over the world. A volume of reminiscences recently issued by Duprez contains stories of both before and behind the scenes; personal recollections of great musical beings of bygone times; tales of the greenroom and the auditorium, and, in short, the recollections of one of the oldest of those who have fought the arduous battle of operatic life. Fetis, the supreme Gallic authority, tells us that Duprez was born Dec. 6, 1806; that his father had eighteen (he really had twenty-three) children, and that the tenor was the twelfth of the babes of this admirable subject of the State. He also tells us that the great master Choron heard Duprez sing and introduced him to his school, a little fiction which Duprez now takes pains to deny. Duprez tells us that in 1815, while he was living with his parents in a modest flat in the Rue Saint-Denis, in Paris, there resided on the same floor a violinist engaged at the opera, and named Lecarpentier. Duprez used to play on the staircase with Lecarpentier's son, and one day he tripped him up. A worthy dame, the aunt of his victim, arrived on the scene, gave him a good scolding, and, to demonstrate to him the enormity he had committed, took him into an elegantly furnished apartment, where the injured youth played on a piano the popular French melody of the period, "I Have Some Good Tobacco." After that M. Duprez, now about an octogenarian, says an intimate friendship sprang up between young Lecarpentier and him, and the good aunt taught them both the solfeggio. A year afterward he went to the Conservatoire in the class of M. Rogat, an old musician of the old school, who used to rap his knuckles when he made a mistake. He went with his mother to compete, at the age of eleven, at the Conservatoire with others for a free scholarship, of which Count Pradel was the judge, but he lost it, owing, he declares, to favoritism.

DUPREZ'S DEBUT.

Fetis says Duprez made his debut in Racine in 1820, but this the tenor himself contradicts. His brother Edward was an amateur actor, and he begged Duprez to take the part of a peasant in a vaudeville called Monsieur Tranquille, at the Theatre Saint Pierre, at the back of the Boulevard du Temps. All Duprez had to say was a simple sentence, but, although he was prompted, he was speechless from stage-fright and was hissed from the stage by the rough audience. He afterward sang as a boy soprano in 1822 with Boulanger and Sastine, in Sorsec's music to Racine's Athalie, produced by Fetis. He shortly afterward became acquainted with a young lady of Nantes, Mlle. Alexandrine Dupenon, and as the affection between the boy and girl became unduly warm Duprez was banished to Italy, where he first met Rossini, Careffa, Pissaroni and the "young English composer, Balfe." He, however, soon afterward returned to Paris, where he was engaged at the Odeon at the not extravagant salary of $400 per annum and where he made his debut nearly fifty-five years ago, at the age of 18, in the Barber of Seville. He had one criticism only, written in Le Courrier de Theatres by M. Charles Maurice, who said that "to hear him you must sit in the front box. When you see him you believe you have used your opera glass wrong side up." On this salary of $400 a year he married Mlle. Duferron in in 1827, being then exactly 21 years of age. He soon after went to Milan, where he met Rubini, now a great tenor, but who had a few years before been refused a situation as a member of the chorus.

MEMOIRS OF GREAT SINGERS.

The great singer Pasta, Duprez tells us, now only lacked the diadem to make her a queen. She traveled by coach to Milan at the rate of seven or eight hours per day "so as not to fatigue her voice," and she had her "courtisans, her chamberlains, her first minister, M. Michein, her charge d'affaires," etc. "After the performance," Duprez tells us, "Pasta used to give audience to her court while reposing on a divan after the fatigues of the day and offering her hand to be kissed, or satirically commanding her sexagenarian admirer to show his fine teeth, an order which he obeyed so far as his teeth would permit. It was here at the Scala that Duprez accepted the munificent salary of $20 per month, a situation he soon resigned, traveling about Italy till he came to Venice, where he fell through the ice into the canal and was rescued by a humane gondolier. At Dergamo he first met his friends Donizetti and Mayer (composer of Medea). Events rolled on until the manager of the Opera House at Lucca wished to produce Rossini's William Tell with a tenor instead of a female vocalist in the part of Arnold. On that journey to Lucca Duprez traveled in the coach with his wife and a Capucine, but passing through a forest in the midst of a fearful storm, the horses came to a stoppage. The driver loaded the party with imprecations, declaring there was a spell upon a trio composed of an actor, a priest and a woman with child, and he fell on his knees in a puddle to invoke the saints in Paradise. The rain soon afterward ceased and the driver attributed the miracle to his patron saint.

DISCOVERING THE HIGH "C."

Arrived at Lucca, Duprez and his wife went to an inn, where his first task, without opening his baggage or changing his attire, was to read over his part in William Tell; and in doing so and in forcing his voice from the tenorino he was then considered, he resolved to "sing high or burst." He put forth all his lungs and his strength, and discovered his possession of that marvelous upper "c" from the chest which subsequently carried him to fame in Paris. Duprez was fond of fishing; and with his host, a padrone di casa, he was accustomed to go out on dark nights on the forbidden canal which led to the Arno, and bring home to his wife the spoil caught by the light of the flambeaux. Soon afterward the troupe moved from Lucca to Florence, where at the Teatro Pergola they sang Rossini's William Tell. The wife of the impressario, Mme. Carlotta Lanari, here heard Duprez for the first time, and, expressing her joy at the happy chance which had enabled her lord and master to have in his company one who possessed so fine a voice, she received from the impressario two sound boxes on the ear as a hint that to learn moderation in expressing approbation of male artists was the first virtue in the wives of impressarios. Duprez adds: "The public ratified, thank God, the judgment of Carlotta Lanari without incurring a similar punishment." Duprez now demanded an increase of salary, and, calling on Lanari, found him, like a second Marat, in his bath. He named the sum he wanted, but Lanari, declaring he was suffering from an illness which required him to bathe several times a day, appealed to him not to ask such an amount "from a poor impressario who suffered so much." Eventually it was decided that Duprez and his wife should have $6,000 a year for three years. This Lanari was by no means a bad judge of artists, for he brought out the famous Caroline Ungher, the godmother of Caroline Duprez, and he selected for his ballet two young girls, one from the Milan and the other from the Neapolitan dancing schools. These "pupils of the dance" subsequently became celebrated throughout the world, the former as Cerito and the latter as Carlotta Grisi. Duprez now narrates the story of his friendship with Donizetti, who wrote for him Rosamunda in England during the same year (1833) that Bellini produced I Puritani, and who specially selected Duprez to sing the chief parts.

THE PRODUCTION OF LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

This great work, now so popular all over the civilized world, was not only written especially for Duprez, but was to a great extent suggested by him. Duprez tells us: "When I met Donizetti in Naples, in 1833, he said: 'My dear Duprez, I am about to write an opera for you.' He wrote Lucia, and in the course of the work he consulted me on such and such pieces, pleasantly calling me his ciabattino, or cobbler, because I altered or added to phrases, measures and notes. For example, the grand scene in the last act, which concludes the opera, finished with the great aria, but I advised the reprise of the principal theme by the violoncellos amid the dying cries of Edgar. Donizetti liked the idea and sent me the last scene recopied in his own handwriting, for my approval. I sent my approval, but retained the autograph score, the scene beneath which Donizetti had written these words in Neapolitan patoi's et t'accidi, et caddi, ma-caddi solo, che solo cadio, saro di gia caduto (and you stab yourself and fall, but fall alone, as as if I ought to fall I shall have fallen already).

Duprez was an intimate friend of Donizetti and knew all about his successes and failures. The first sign of insanity in the composer happened in his library, when Duprez upset a bottle of ink. He was afterward confined in a private lunatic asylum, and one day when Duprez went to see him he insisted on accompanying him through the chief tenor music in Lucia. He grew worse, and in April, 1848, he retired to his native town of Bergamo to die.

ROWS BETWEEN PASTA AND GRISI.

About this time Norma was first produced at Milan, with Pasta, then in the zenith of her popularity, as Norma, and with the young debutante Grisi in the secondary role (Adalgisa). Pasta, however, was a woman of the most jealous disposition, and she required to reign absolute queen, suffering no one to provoke comparison with her. So great was her tyranny that Grisi fled from Milan in despair, threw up her engagement, was threatened with blue ruin by her impressario, but arrived in Paris to become the darling of the French public. Duprez then went to Rome, where he met among others the painter Horace Vernet, the youthful musician Ambroise Thomas, then studying under that prix de Rome the Chevalier Neukomm, pupil of Haydn, and then attached to the household of Prince Talleyrand. Thence he went to Florence, where he met Prince Joseph Poniatowski, Prince Metternich, Sir Walter Scott, Mery, Meyerbeer and Thalberg. At Naples the great Lablache was added to Duprez's acquaintance. One day, while Duprez was sitting alone with his wife, a lady entered in great trepidation demanding the assistance of Mme. Duprez. It was Malibran, who had eaten too freely of the shell-fish of the Mediterranean and was sick. A short time afterward Duprez himself felt ill of a cold and Malibran nursed him tenderly, giving him those homeopathic medicines in which she had such great confidence. The compliment was again returned by Duprez, who, when Malibran's carriage was overturned by a herd of swine, rescued her, the lady escaping with but a broken arm. Malibran often talked of her family, and declared, "When you come to Paris you will see a little sister of mine, and who is a far better musician than I." That sister is Mme. Pauline Viardot. Before Duprez finally quit Italy, in 1837, he received a valuable ring from Marie Louise, ex-Empress and widow of Napoleon Bonaparte.

MEYERBEER AND HECTOR BERLIOZ.

Arrived in Paris, Duprez was engaged to sing first in William Tell and afterward in Les Huguenots. He was walking arm-in-arm with Halevy on the stage just before his debut. He passed a group of dancers practising, and one of the ballet-girls ventured the assertion that "the new tenor who is to succeed Nourrit is too ugly." Meyerbeer as usual was timid about the success of Les Huguenots, and Duprez, to reassure him, offered to bet him the receipts of the first twenty performances that the opera would have a run of eighty nights. It did so, and Meyerbeer honestly paid the wager. Early in 1838, Nourrit committed suicide. He was slightly hissed at Naples, and the once great tenor, in despair, threw himself out of a third floor window in the Hotel Barbaja. Duprez next created the chief parts in Auber's Le Lac des Fees and in Berlioz's Benvenuto Cellini, produced in 1838 with a run of three nights only. On this Mousson said that "if Berlioz goes to hell his punishment will be to set to music a pastorate of Florian's." During the third performance of Benvenuto Cellini, Mme. Duprez was confined, and the tenor, who had no son, was in anxiety as to the result. In the midst of the scene in the last act he saw his faithful surgeon at the wings, his face radiant with joy. Duprez was so exultant that he forgot his part, and it was to this that Berlioz not very justly attributed the failure. The tenor Mario made a few appearances at the opera, but at first failed, going afterward to the theatre for a brief time. Mme. Stoltz, too, destined to win fame afterward, made her debut during Duprez's early days in Paris. Accepting an offer from the late Mr. Bunn Duprez arrived in England to sing at Drury Lane in 1844, and after his first appearance a German gentleman, arriving late at night at Duprez's hotel, Leicester square, was serenaded in mistake for the tenor. Next year Duprez sang not only in London, but in Liverpool, Manchester and Dublin. In the Irish capital he was warmly received, but at Liverpool, on his benefit night, he sang the great air, "Suivez Moi," in William Tell, before eight Swiss liberators only. On his return to Paris he played the chief part in Jerusalem, which served as his last creation during his operatic career and for the first appearance of Verdi before the French public. M. Fiorentino was at that time the musical critic of two important French newspapers, and one day meeting Verdi at a rehearsal of Jerusalem he addressed the composer and held out his hand. Signor Verdi, who never was celebrated for politeness, made no reply and turned his back. Fiorentino virulently attacked him in his newspaper, but despite the ill temper of the critic and the discourtesy of the composer, the music of Verdi yet lives. In 1849 Duprez quitted the operatic stage.

DUPREZ'S CELEBRATED PUPILS.

Duprez next took a singing class at the Conservatoire under Cherubini, then director of the celebrated academy. But he soon resigned this position, and founded a school of his own. Among his pupils were Mme. Miolan Carvalho, who created the chief part in Gounod's Faust; Caroline Duprez, his daughter, who, after a brief operatic career, married M. Vander Neuvel; Mlle. Marie Marimon, Mme. Emma Albani (now Mrs. Ernest Gye), Mlle. Singelli, Mlle. Heilbron, M. Agnesi, the Sisters Devries, M. Sylva, M. Engel, the tenor, and others. During the Franco-German war Duprez went to Brussels, and in 1876 he resigned his vocal school to his son, retiring on the death of his beloved daughter Caroline, to a retreat at Neuilly, France. He laments, he declares, the end of the time when the public "sought dramatic truth as melody." To-day the thing is no longer practicable. "The music I have sung," he says, "the music of Rossini, Halevy, Donizetti, and even of Meyerbeer, is unfashionable, and is disdained and rejected by those who pretend to surpass those grand models." This music has, he declares, been succeeded by "musique cascadeuse" and "grand music," the former trivial and the latter "full of noise of tortured and bizarre harmonies," and which debases the solo vocalist "to the level of the bassoon or some other instrument of the orchestra." He continues: "This new art, which addresses itself neither to the heart nor to the imagination and which often wounds the ear, though possibly acceptable in a symphony, is as disagreeable as offensive in the theatre, which it will finish by killing."

Such is the opinion of a great disciple of the past, of a man 76 years of age, who, with the true if undiscriminating conservatism of adolescence, can have but little sympathy with those he believes to be the new-fangled notions of the present day.

A "SOOTHING" SERENADE.

BY E. M. GOTTHOLD.

In 1868 I was business manager for John A. Stevens. Our company consisted of eighteen acting members, and a brass band of six pieces. It is really necessary to speak particularly of the number composing the band, as they figure prominently in this little incident. During our engagement in Jackson, Miss. (the capital of the State), Gov. Alcorn was to be inaugurated. Bands, or music of any kind, being scarce, the city authorities decided to secure the services of the musicians connected with our company for the proposed serenade to their new Governor. I was approached upon the subject of their engagement, and referred them to Mr. Stevens, who in turn referred them to the musicians themselves, as it was their affair only. The Mayor, who was chairman of the committee on music, sought an interview with the leader, and they agreed upon the following terms—$30, being $5 each.

After the performance on the eventful evening our band started for the Governor's residence, followed by the Mayor, City Council and a large concourse of prominent citizens. Arriving at their destination, strains of sweet music filled the midnight air. I am bound to confess that I felt prouder of our band that evening than ever—in fact, I knew they were the best in the town (being the only one). At about one o'clock they were dismissed and told by the Mayor that he would pay them in the morning. But before they left a committee on refreshments brought them a jug of Louisiana rum, which is made from sugar-cane, and retails at one dollar a gallon.

The occasion being a state one, our band imbibed a little freely, and of course in a short time felt a little jolly, and on going home, to amuse themselves began to sing some of their favorite airs—one in particular, "We wont go home till morning." All of a sudden they were pounced upon by three of the city police, who took them to the station-house and made the complaint against them of being drunk and disorderly. They were kept in confinement until morning, when they were taken to court. Imagine their surprise and delight when they beheld that the Judge who was to try them was none other than the Mayor of the city, who on seeing them showed no signs of recognition, but asked the officer what the charge against them was. On being told, he asked them what they had to say for themselves. The leader of the band explained how the Mayor had engaged them, and after the serenade had given them the rum, and on their going home they had sung a little, but not loud enough to wake a dead man—as stated by the officer. The Mayor informed him that it was not his intention to deal hard with them, and asked them what they were to receive for their services the night before. The leader evinced a little surprise, as he was the one who engaged them, but answered $5 apiece. "Well," said the Mayor, "for being drunk and disorderly last night I fine you each $5; so sign this receipt in full for music furnished last night, and GIT."

BULWER'S RICHELIEU.

THE FIRST OUTLINE OF IT—PUBLICATION OF HIS ORIGINAL LETTER TO MACREADY, NOW IN THE FORSTER COLLECTION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Among the treasures which John Forster bequeathed to the English nation was a letter from Bulwer Lytton to W. C. Macready, giving the original outline of his celebrated play, Richelieu. It was not published in Macready's "Reminiscences" in 1875. Lord Lytton's life has not yet been written, and as now printed in the handbook to the Forster collection (Scribner & Welford), it is believed that the letter for the first time sees the light. The letter bears date September, 1838:

My dear Macready: I have thought of a subject. It is to this effect: "In the time of Louis XIII. the Chevalier de Marillac is the wittiest and bravest gentleman, celebrated for his extravagant valor and his enthusiasm for enjoyment, but in his most mirthful moments a dark cloud comes over him at one name—the name of Richelieu! He confides to his friend Cinq Mars, the reason, viz: He had once entered into a conspiracy against Richelieu; Richelieu discovered and sent for him. 'Chevalier de Marillac,' said he, 'I do not desire to shed your blood on the scaffold, but you must die; here is a command on the frontier, fall in battle.' He went to the post, but met glory and not death. Richelieu, reviewing the troops, found him still living and said: 'Remember, the sword is over your head. I take your parole to appear before me once a quarter. You can still find death. I will give you time for it.' Hence his extravagant valor; hence his desire to make the most of life. While making this confidence to Cinq Mars he is sent for by Richelieu. He goes as to death. Richelieu receives him sternly, reminds him of his long delay, upbraids him for his profligate life, etc. Marillac answers with mingled wit and nobleness, and at last, instead of sentencing him to death, Richelieu tells him that he has qualities that make him wish to attach him to himself, and that he will marry him to a girl with a great dowry, and give him high office at Court. He must marry directly. Marillac goes out enchanted.

"Now Richelieu's motive is this: Louis XIII. has fallen in love with this girl, Louise de la Porte, and wishes to make her his mistress. All the King's mistresses have hitherto opposed Richelieu. He is resolved that the King shall have no more. He will have no rival with the King. He therefore resolves to marry her to Marillac, whose life is in his power, whom he can hold in command, whom he believes to be too noble to suffer the adulterous connection.

"Marillac is then introduced, just married, with high appointments and large dowry, the girl beautiful—when on his wedding-day Cinq Mars tells him that the King loves his wife. His rage and despair—conceives himself duped—scene with the girl, in which he recoils from her. Suddenly three knocks at the door. He is sent for by the King and dispatched to a distance; the bride, not wived, is summoned to court.

"Marillac, all pride and wrath, and casting all upon Richelieu, agrees to conspire against the Cardinal's life. The fortress where Richelieu lodged is garrisoned with the friends of the conspirators. Just as he has agreed, he received anonymous letters telling him that his wife is at Chantilly, that she will sleep in the chamber of the Montmorencies; that Louis means to enter the room that night; that if he wishes to guard his honor he can enter the palace by a secret passage which opens in a picture of Hugo de Montmorenci, the last Duke, who had been beheaded by Louis (an act for which the King always felt remorse). This Montmorenci had been the most intimate friend of Marillac, and had left him his armor as a present. A thought strikes Marillac and he goes off the stage.

"Louise alone in this vast room; the picture of Montmorenci in complete armor; a bed at the end. She complains of her husband's want of love, and laments her hard fate; dismisses her woman. The King enters and locks the doors; after supplication and resistance on her part, he advances to seize her, when from Montmorenci's picture comes a cry of 'Hold!' and the form descends from the panel and interposes. The King, horror-struck and superstitious, flees; Louise faints. The form is Marillac. While she is still insensible the clock strikes; it is the hour he is to meet the conspirators. He summons her woman and leaves her.

"Richelieu, alone at night when Marillac enters to him, tells him his life is in his power, upbraids him for his disgrace, etc. Richelieu informs him that he has married him to Louise to prevent her dishonor, that he had sent the anonymous letter, etc., and converts Marillac into gratitude. But what is to be done? the conspirators have filled the fortress. They (Richelieu and Marillac) retire into another room, and presently the conspirators enter the one they had left, and Marillac joins them and tells them the Cardinal is dead, that he will see to the funeral, etc., and they had better go at once and announce it to the King; that there are no marks of violence, that it seems like a fit (being suffocation).

"The King, who always feared and hated Richelieu, hears the news, and is at first rejoiced, the courtiers delighted, Paris in a jubilee. But suddenly comes news of commotion, riot—messengers announce the defeat of the armies—the Spaniards have crossed the frontier—his General, De Feuguieres is slain—hubbub and uproar without, with cries of 'Hurrah! the old Cardinal is dead!' etc.—when there is a counter cry of 'The Cardinal! the Cardinal!' and a band of soldiers appear, followed by Richelieu himself in complete armor. At this sight the confusion, the amaze, etc.—the mob changes humors, and there is a cry of 'Long live the great Cardinal!'

"The King, enraged at the trick played on him and at his having committed himself to joy at the Cardinal's death, hears that De Marillac had announced the false report, orders him to the Bastile, tells the Count de Charost to forbid Richelieu the Louvre and declares henceforth he will reign alone. Joy of the Anti Cardinalists, when the great doors are thrown open and Richelieu, pale, suffering, sick, in his Cardinal's robes, leaning on his pages, enters and calls on Charost (the very man who is to forbid his entrance!) to give him his arm, which Charost tremblingly does before the eyes of the King. Richelieu and the King alone, Richelieu says he has come to tender his resignation. The King accepts it, and Richelieu summons six secretaries groaning beneath sacks of public papers, all demanding immediate attention. Richelieu retires to a distance and appears almost dying. The King desperately betakes himself to the papers, in perplexity, bewilderment and horror at the dangers round him. At last he summons the Cardinal to his side and implores him to resume the office. The Cardinal, with great seeming reluctance, says he only will on one condition—complete power over foes and friends; Louis must never again interfere with public business. He then makes him sign various papers, and when all is done the old man throws off the dying state, rises with lion-like energy, 'France is again France—to the frontiers—I lead the armies,' etc., (a splendid burst). Louis, half enfeebled, half ashamed, retires. Richelieu, alone, gives various papers to the secretaries, and summons Marillac and his wife. He asks her if she has been happy. She says 'No,' thinking her husband hates her; puts the same question to Marillac, who, thinking she wishes to be separated, says the same. He then tells them, as the marriage has not been fulfilled, they can be divorced. They wofully agree—when, turning to Marillac he shows him the King's order that he should go to the Bastile; and then adds that in favor of his service in saving his (R.'s) life, he has the power to soften his sentence, but he must lose his office at court and go into exile. On hearing this Louise turns round—her love breaks out; she will go with him into banishment, etc., and the reconciliation is complete. Richelieu, regarding them, then adds: 'Your sentence remains the same—we banish you still—Ambassador to Austria!'"

The Junior Reeves.

Of Herbert Reeves the London Globe says that he "can never be a tenor di forza, although he may be accepted as a highly-cultivated tenorino." And the Times thus remarks on his debut: "Amateurs who remember Sims Reeves at a corresponding age seemed to imagine that the great English tenor had come back from a journey to the fountain of youth in the fairy-land of Bimini described in old Spanish romances. The illusion was not dispelled when the first notes of the young singer struck the ear. Here was the same velvety softness of tone in the middle register, the same baritone quality of the lower voice, and at least an attempt at the same penetrating clearness of the high notes, by means of which Sims Reeves produces some of his most brilliant effects. Even little mannerisms and peculiarities—e. g., the all but inaudible enunciation of the last syllable and note of a phrase—were not forgotten, no more than the general features of style and sentiment. Much of this may be due to more or less conscious imitation, or to the fact that Signor Mazzucato, who instructed the father, also taught the son. At the same time it would be impossible to deny that the mysterious principle of 'heredity,' so much talked of nowadays, has been here at work. His voice, although very sweet and sympathetic, is as yet very weak, and especially the higher notes require rounding off and developing. The singer was considerably hampered by nervousness (perhaps also hereditary), which in the silly aria from Donizetti's Maria di Rohan made his voice sometimes all but inaudible; was still perceptible in the beautiful air 'Refrain Thy Voice from Weeping,' from Mr. Sullivan's 'Light of the World' (conducted by the composer), and seemed to wear off only in his third song, Schubert's familiar 'Ave Maria.' To sum up, Herbert Reeves' debut was, as regards popular success, very brilliant, and not, on the other hand, without promise of a higher artistic kind."

MADIGAN.—Mr. Will T. Madigan writes us again from Chicago on the subject of "cheap theatres," and devotes much of his letter to an overhauling of our late Chicago correspondent. It is simply a case of "day after the fair." Our late representative in the Garden City is out of the field, and is not in a position to reply. At any rate, each has had his say in these columns, and we think it best now to let the matter drop.

CARBONATE CAMP.

The times have changed: 'tis spade, not pen,
with me,
And mountain-climbing 'stead of pleasant
leisure
If you could hold this once white hand, you'd
see
The fruit, at least, of seeking hard for treasure.

Rough air, white smoke, the waving of the
pines,
The rude ground-bed with saddle bags for
pillows,
The rugged rocks on which the firelight
shines,
And then a stream that's hidden by some
willows.

And far above, clear-outlin'd in the air,
The Sierra Madre all attention fastens;
Beneath 'tis dark, save where you see the
glare
Of this bright camp-fire shiv'ring in the
breezes.

And then the tent shines white amongst the
trees,
Contrasted strangely by red blankets drying—
A horse, a donkey, dozing at their ease,
And three long fellows 'round the camp-fire
lying.

Surroundings such as these seem strange for
me,
When you remember our old dainty doing
In that far life—— But then it was to be,
And I for one have given over rueing.

I've left that life, and found the new one
here—
The feathers changed for many-corner'd
bowlders;
The champagne bubbling in that brook that's
near;
The pantry—well, we pack it on our shoulders!

The gray dawn sees us up, and sunset closes
That which to us is all too short a day;
Searching for wealth amongst the mountain-
roses,
Tracing the veins, the time soon slips away

And in the broad, free air new vigor rises;
There seems a future buried in the ground;
The strange uncertainty the miner prizes—
The hope—the chance—the fortune to be
found.

And if some day it should be mine to blunder,
Kicking my foot against the long'd for vein,
All I can say is, Jem, old man, don't wonder
To see me, lean and sunburnt, home again!

DRIFTWOOD.

Who is responsible for that new and rapidly increasing genius, the musical young man? Sorrowfully it must be admitted that women are the fosterers of this unpleasant type of man. Formerly, in fact quite within the memory of middle-aged men, to be unmusical was not considered a sin. Now, alas, it is. Not to be able at least to talk upon the subject, will, if it does not totally extinguish, at least cast a shadow over your conversational powers. And this is the decree of ladies in society. It is doubtless an easy way of paying a social debt to invite a host of friends to an uncomfortable crush, where each one, after having saluted the hostess, endeavers with all the alacrity at his command to escape from the miseries impending; but such crushes become irksome to the average mortal, and it was necessary to enliven them with some excitement, and what more pleasant than music? Thus musie became fashionable. The rich paid heavily for professional performers, but what were the nee ly followers in their steps to do? The musical man became at once an attraction, and the competition for him increased to a mania. Now this personage, being a Brummagem article, was easily manufactured to meet the demand. Given a certain amount of assurance and a nimbleness of finger at the pianoforte, the rest might be safely left to the tailor, barber, and haberdasher. Thus sprang into life the musical man as we now have him. Of course, it is only human nature that he should suppose he really has the ring of true metal about him, and even it he were to fall into a momentary fit of modesty and fancy that he was not the genius he supposed himself, society—that is, the ladies—would not allow him to undeceive himself. There was no help for it; so the musical man became society's hero even in spite of himself. Fashion demanded him, and he was produced. This would not have been so had the fair hostesses who cultivate the music mania lived in the time of their forefathers, when music was studied as an art, not as an accomplishment.

Sad as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that, although the taste, as it is called, for music is more general, the study of the art is much more rare than formerly. We speak, of course, of those who do not make music a profession. The accomplished young lady of the present day, who plays the most difficult music with facility, could not do what probably her grandmother, let us say, considered a matter of no inordinate difficulty. For instance, we have known old ladies to transpose at sight, read a figured bass or score, and show themselves in every way acquainted with harmony and thorough-bass—words which to the ordinary accomplished young lady of our time mean an amount of knowledge scarcely to be attained in a lifetime. In those days men traveled by stage-coach and not by steam, and it appears they studied earnestly and were not driven by fashion. The fact is that those who wished it were educated in music, and those who did not wish it left it alone. Of course, there was no room for musical men. Times like those may perhaps come again when a sufficient amount of rope has been granted to these gentlemen to hang themselves, but meanwhile we have to submit to their dictation. As things stand at present, however, five minutes' conversation with any of the ladies who encourage him will show you what the musical man's power is. Even if you are not favored with his name, you will find that you are considered a fool for not thanking as he does. That he is a tyrant to his patronesses we doubt not, but we fear that even under these circumstances they value the appearance of culture too much to rid themselves of this useful purveyor. We do not know that the existence of this class of men do any permanent damage to the cause of music, but it accounts in a great degree for the large amount of nonsense that one hears people talk upon the subject, and it is a pitiable thing to see persons, otherwise in their right minds, listening to and applauding such rubbish as these musical men give forth. Prigs there ever will be, and they are sufficiently irritating companions, but still they are mostly tolerable in comparison with the musical man. His priggishness is combined with a contempt for his sex and a disgusting effeminacy.

C. T. Congdon's "Record of Fifty Years:" For all that we got in the way of public diversion, our village life would have been dull indeed. Amusement-lovers, who can not live without going to see something or to hear some new thing, little know with what a modicum of it honest folk can contrive to live. Now and then a wandering circus or menagerie of proportions which the great enterprising Barnum would have scorned, paid us a visit. To the circus I could not go, because of certain prejudices, Quaker and otherwise, still entertained in our house; but all the horse-riders then were wont to pass through the streets in full costume, and I looked wonderingly at them in their faded finery, as they cantered along upon their Arabian or Hanoverian steeds to the sound of the trumpet. Perhaps I have never longed for anything so much as I longed for a sight of the interior glories of that small tent which the manager called a pavilion. Menageries were not held to be immoral, and they were not large enough then to do much harm or much good either. Street shows we had, of a kind which have become so uncommon that I may venture to say a word of them. The street juggler, for instance, has he become altogether obsolete? He was clothed in a costume of no particular age, and of a fashion which may be properly described as fanciful. He spread a carpet upon the sidewalk and proceeded to business. He balanced pipes upon his nose. He kept a dozen oranges simultaneously in the air. He swallowed a sword, to my juvenile horror as I conjectured what medicine he took for its digestion. He sent down after the sword a great quantity of tow and then breathed fire and smoke from his mouth and nostrils. Then he carried round a hat, and as nobody put anything into it, he loudly declared himself utterly disgusted with the town, and expressed his intention of getting out of it as soon as possible. I suppose that he kept his word, for I saw nothing more of him. But there came in his place the most wonderful show which ever made boys happy.

The readers of Dickens will remember his amusing and graphic description of English showmen, particularly in "The Old Curiosity Shop;" but we have few of the genuine breed in this country. Dancing dogs are rare now, at least in the public streets; but a wandering impressario brought to our town a canine company—a most accomplished troupe of dogs indeed. The orchestra of this establishment consisted of but one performer, but the name of that performer was legion. Unaided and alone he made a wonderful amount of noise and jingle. He whistled upon the pandean pipes, which were somehow stuck in his greasy velvet waistcoat. He clashed at the cymbals which were fastened to his elbows. He managed a Turkish chime of bells by jerking and wriggling and shrugging his shoulders; and having his hands yet free, beat sonorously upon the drum before him. All this time he kept his eye, which was a villainous one, upon his dogs and monkeys; and I might add, that they kept their eyes upon him. One dog turned a small spinning wheel. Another waltzed as if waltzing for a wager. Another patiently bore upon his back the ugliest monkey of them all. A fourth walked about with a tin-cup, soliciting the pecuniary donations of the spectators. And all this time the master of the show maintained an enormous amount of noise, with his whistling and drumming and bell-ringing. It was delicious; it was romantic; it was fascinating; in was unprecedented. All the school-boys were tardy that day, and were duly whipped, as they expected to be. I bore my own fustigation with somewhat less outcry than usual; and thought of dancing dogs instead of arithmetic and geography through the whole session.

Shakespeare was 41 years old when he wrote King Lear. Just at the time of life when a well-constituted, healthy man has attained the maturity of his faculties, he produced the work in which we see his mind in all its might and majesty. He had then been an actor some fourteen or fifteen years, and of his greater plays he had written Romeo and Juliet, Richard III., The Merchant of Venice, King Henry IV., Much Ado About Nothing, As You Like It, Hamlet, and Measure for Measure. In the case of a man who mingled himself so little with his work, —who was, in other words, so objective a poet,—it is not safe to infer the condition of his mind from the tone of his writings. But it is worthy of remark that King Lear quickly followed Measure for Measure, and came next to it as an original play, and was followed next by Timon of Athens, and that in these three plays the mirror that is held up to human nature tells more revolting and alarming truths than are revealed in all his other plays together. Not in all the rest is the sum of the counts of his indictment of the great criminal so great, so grave, so black, so damning. Hardly is there to be gathered from all the others so many personages who are so bad in all the ways of badness as the majority of those are which figure in these three.

It is, however, apart from this fact that these plays are so strongly significant of Shakespeare's judgment of mankind in his 42d year. For, types of badness as these personages are, what they say is tenfold more condemnatory than what they do. The aphoristic anthology of Measure for Measure, King Lear and Timon of Athens would make the blackest pages in the records of the judgments against mankind. Moreover, the chief dramatic motives of all these plays are selfishness and ingratitude; while in two of them—King Lear and Timon—we find the principal personages expecting to buy love and words of love and deeds of love with bounteous gifts, and going mad with disappointment at not receiving what he thinks his due. For Timon in the forest, although he is not insane, is surely the subject of a self inflicted monomania. Difficult as it is to trace Shakespeare himself in his plays, we can hardly err in concluding that there must have been in his experience of life and in the condition of his mind some reason for his production within three years, and with no intermediate relief, of three such plays as those in question. And the play which came between Measure for Measure and King Lear, All's Well that Ends Well, although it is probably the product of the working over of an earlier play called Love's Labors Won, can hardly be said to break the continuity of feeling which runs through its predecessor and its two immediate successors. In All's Well we have Parolles, the vilest and basest character, although not the most wickedly malicious, that Shakespeare wrought; and its hero, Bertram, is so coldly and brutally selfish that it is hard to forgive Helena for loving him. Indeed, the tone of the play finds an echo in the last lines of the Clown's song:

"With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then:
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's still one good in ten."

Was it by sheer chance and haphazard that Shakespeare reverted to this unpleasant story and these repulsive personages at the time when, within three years, he wrote Measure for Measure, King Lear and Timon of Athens?

Sunday Star: The news that the steamship Canada landed Miss Rose Eytinge home again after an absence of a year will be hailed with delight by her countless friends and admirers. We found her last night in her old quarters, with a royal "cardinal of the seas" (as a misguided Frenchman once called the lobster) blushing in front of her, and her fingers busy concocting an admirable dressing. Miss Eytinge is in superb form, glowing with health and strength and in capital spirits. The past year has been spent mostly in England, where she established her headquarters in a charming little house near the West End, London, of which she gives a fascinating description. Her time has been spent, unhappily for our British cousins, not in acting, but in quiet journeyings about the Midland Counties, exploring old nooks and corners in search of health. This she has found in abundance, and the pursuit has been varied by occasional visits to Paris and the smaller cities of France. Now she is home again, and although she has as yet made no plans, she will probably resume her place on our stage from which she has been so sadly missed, and which has been so lamentably vacant.

Miss Eytinge says that the stories in regard to Charles Reade having abandoned play-writing and being about to preach are all bosh, which is just what we had supposed. Mr. Reade, who is now a white-haired old man of 65, was very much broken by the loss of a dear friend and companion, and naturally gave expression in strong terms to his grief, and this gave rise to the reports referred to. He is now at work on a play for production next fall. Mr. Reade has always been an orthodox man and comes of an orthodox family, so that he is not a new convert to the Congregational Church, nor has he any intention of preaching.

Anton Gregor Rubinstein was born Nov. 18, 1830, in the little village of Vechvotynetz, in the Russian province of Bessarabia. His father possessed at one time a large fortune, which he lost in a series of unfortunate lawsuits against the provincial government. His mother, a woman of superior intellect and education, was an excellent pianist and enthusiastic lover of music. His first instruction in music, as well as other branches, came from her, and so successful was she with both her sons, Anton and Nicolai, that, at the suggestion of some friends, the family, now reduced to the utmost poverty, removed to Moscow, where Mme. Rubinstein became instructor of music at one of the imperial educational establishments for girls, and was thus enabled to contribute considerably to the support of her family. She was also able to engage a master for her eldest boy, whose extraordinary gifts soon led him beyond her power.

Rubinstein advanced at a pace which surpassed the most sanguine expectations, and when only eight years old he performed in public a pianoforte concerto of his own composition. Encouraged by this first success, his parents allowed him to accompany his master, Alexander Villouig, to Paris, where they arrived in August, 1839. After a few weeks the boy appeared for a second time in public before a critical Paris audience. Among the hearers was Franz Liszt, then in the height of his glory, who in his generous, warm-hearted way, after listening to the performance of the young prodigy, took the boy in his arms, and kissing him heartily declared before the assembled connoisseurs: "This boy will be the legitimate heir of my art." Rubinstein remained nearly two years in Paris, during which time he enjoyed the benefit of Liszt's personal instruction.

After a successful tour through Holland, Sweden and Norway, he came, in 1844, to Berlin, where he studied the theory of his art under Dehn. In 1846, his father died, whose devotion to his son's genius had shrunk from no sacrifice of money to complete his artistic education. And now, deprived of his father's support, the sixteen year-old boy had to look round to earn bread not only for himself, but also for his mother and a younger brother and sister. Conscious of his power and hoping for a brighter future, he set himself to work at the drudgery of giving music lessons and, with the courage of genius, devoted every free moment to the further development of his own powers. The stormy year 1848 drove him away from Germany and, after an absence of nearly ten years, he turned his face to his native land and decided to seek his fortune in Russia. In Petersburg he soon attracted the attention of the Grand Duchess Helene, and from his acquaintance, which soon grew into a warm friendship with this noble-hearted lady, the patron and friend of all that is good and that elevates man's kind, dates the ascendant of the artist's star. Petersburg has since been his home.

S. F. Argonaut: It was about 1852, at the time of Kossuth's visit to America, that a style of hat came into vogue called the "Kossuth" hat. "I do not mean to affirm," said the oldPhiladelphia Major, "that no gentleman wears a Kossuth hat. I mean merely to say that when I meet a person wearing a Kossuth hat, it does not raise in my mind a presumption that he is a gentleman. On the other hand, sir, when I meet a person wearing a silk hat, it does raise that presumption." Now, allow us: When, in 1880, one meets a woman on the street wearing a painted face, it does not raise a presumption in our mind that she is an honest one. On the other hand, madame, when we meet a woman whose face is not painted, it does raise that presumption. A sadly large percentage of the women one meets on the streets in San Francisco at the present time wear painted faces. The fact by itself is not conclusive of the wearer's status any more than the silk hat was. In each case it merely fails to raise that favorable presumption which, in the absence of adverse proof, is determinative.

The love of song and music naturally remains among the English people, though the faculty of producing original music and song has been crushed. The barrel-organ man in a village or a back-street is to modern England what the "blind-crowders" with their chants were to the England of Philip Sidney. Little children dancing in a dingy court to the mechanical music of "Nancy Lee" makes a pretty sight enough, and are all that we have to show in place of the old choirs of the village lads and lasses. A state of things exists in which, as the people cannot make its own songs, some one must make songs for the people. There seems to be two sets of popular bards, whose sale and whose success among the unknown public might make Mr. Tennyson envious. First, there are the music-hall bards. These songsters stir the great heart of the city folks, as it were with the sound of a trumpet. "To arms, to arms, to arms, they cry," in the name of Jingo. They breathe of heady delights, of war, of wine, of the popular Aphrodite. When they do not proclaim their readiness to fight, they admit that they are "Rollicking Rams," that they have "Lost their Latchkey," or that their generic name is "Champagne Charley." They take long sitting shots at the follies of the day and of the town, at the Mona Lisas of photography, at the cheap dandy who chants, "Ain't I the Cheese!"

The ethical analysis of these popular songs produces distressing results. The residuum of each composition is a deposit of solid unalloyed vulgarity. The lover of rowdy popular songs confesses himself to be a mean admirer of mean things, of a cheap, noisy, flashy sort of life, of a constant state of alcoholic excitement. Fancy paints him in a magenta necktie, with a stick that inexpensively imitates the last fashion but two. If popular songs make popular characters, we may expect a ghastly generation of dingy gommeux as a consequence of fast music-hall ditties. But there is another sort of popular song, which is full of tender sentiment and domestic affection, and bluff, honest pleasure in a laborious life. This sort, if one may judge by the milder kind of drawing-room ditty, and by the airs of the barrel-organ grinders, is as popular among the respectable middle classes as "Champagne Charley" among the jeunesse enivree of London. The barrel organ man in Punch broke up his machine when he heard that he had come into a fortune, and vowed that he would never play "dat tam 'Nancy Lee' again." But "Nancy Lee" is a very moral, refreshing piece of verse, and contains such "criticism of life," to use Mr. Arnold's phrase, as is consistent for the worthy seafaring men.

Forrest rode from Philadelphia to Pittsburg in October, 1822, 300 miles, "over such tremendous mountains," in company with a dozen men and women, and after playing there in a leaky old place they took a flat-boat on the Ohio River for Marysville, Kentucky, "floating lazily down for five days and nights," "filling the time with stories, games, and jokes," "a happy set, careless, healthy, and free." Eberle was the leader of the orchestra, Lucas scene-painter, Henderson stage-manager, Mrs. Pelby and Mrs. Riddle leading ladies. Forrest was the handsome juvenile, and played many odd characters. At Lexington, where John McCullough the past season had such a reception recently, Forrest had great success in more pretentious parts, but for many years his life was full of humiliation, poverty, and failure. That company left Lexington in February of 1823, in cold weather, the women in rude wagons, the men on horseback. They had a terrible ride, made pleasant by good humor and mutual forbearances. Forrest was just 17 when they opened in Cincinnati. He played in The Soldier's Daughter, danced in Little Red Ridinghood, sang comic songs between the pieces, acted as the ragged daughter of the old soldier, played by Eberle, with his fiddle, on a wooden leg, was "Corinthian Tom" in Tom and Jerry, acted with his trained dog in The Dog of Montargis, a portrait of which he had painted for his house on Master street, now one of the decorations of the Forrest Home, Philadelphia This animal often suggested some bitter comments to the great actor upon the fidelity of the dog and the ingratitude of man. How interesting to recall the contrast between McCullough and his combination, traveling in palaces on rail, living in palaces of hotels, and playing in palaces in towns, collecting thousands in their royal journeys, and young Forrest and his Bohemians in the West, fifty-eight years ago, men and women racked in old wagons and on poor horses, playing in barns and taverns, floating on dirty river scows, and personating darkeys, old soldiers, and ballad-singers between the acts, as poor as rats, and as happy as they were poor.

London Era: Despite the usual unjustifiable detractions Sara Bernhardt's visit this season has not only clinched the firm hold she possessed over her admirers, but has won to her side many who, for some weak reason or other, had hitherto refused her the allegiance she merits. Let it be borne in mind by all that Sara Bernhardt has, in the face of serious difficulties, faithfully and loyally kept her faith with Mr. Hollingshead, and the London public has been neither frightened nor cajoled out of her engagement; and she has not spared herself exertion and fatigue in her desire to satisfy her audience. Her independence has laid the axe to the root of the already withering tree that bears the name of "the Comedie Francaise." That close borough is on the eve of disfranchisement, and though we seek not to advocate rupture in the camp, on the broad question of the universality of art, we shall not complain if we see it arise. Autre temps, autre mœurs; art is cosmopolitan; and the Theatre Moliere ought to be just as much the property of England as Shakespeare's plays are the property of the world. The expositors of either dramatist should have free range also, unhampered by establishment-routine, or the pique of baffled directors. In bidding Bernhardt an "au revoir," we beg, courteously, to include all the talented members of her troupe, who have so ably and loyally supported her.

According to a San Francisco paper, Ketten, the pianist, took sweet revenge on a millionaire of that city, formerly a bartender, who invited him to a party, urged him to play, and kept him at the piano for two hours. When supper was announced the host said to Ketten: "You've got piano punching down fine, Ketten, old fellow. Now if you'll play these young folks a few quadrilles and polkas while the balance of us go down to hash, I'll send Martha Louise to relieve you presently; or, if you like, you can have something sent up and eat it right here on the piano. I first kinder calculated to have engaged a couple of fiddlers, but the old lady she thought you wouldn't mind. I'll make it all right when you go." The astounded artist gazed at the speaker utterly dumbfounded; then controlling himself he gravely turned his back, and began playing dance music as requested. When the company had all reassembled in the parlors, he raised his voice and said: "Pray let some whisky, lemons and sugar be brought in." It was done. "Now, then," said Mr. Ketten, fixing his eyes on the host, "now, then, mix us some cocktails, my good fellow; every man to his trade." There was an awful silence, and then the shoddyerat, with a ghastly attempt to carry off the joke, prepared the drink and handed it to the musician. The latter drank the beverage critically. "You're losing practice, my good man; the fellow at the hotel bar does much better. There, you may keep the change," and tossing the almost asphyxiated millionaire a half dollar, he took his wife under his arm and walked out.

Wilkes' Spirit: Lucy Hooper, the well-known correspondent and the clever wife of the American Consul at Paris, has interested the theatrical profession in her new novel, "Under the Tri-Color," by making her heroine study for the stage, and her hero, who would have been an actor but for his promise to his dying mother, write original plays, and her book includes the plot of a new drama, called Lady Jane Gray, with extracts from the speeches, and a description of a new panorama of Paris from the captive balloon. The hero and heroine inherit a fortune, and so do not go upon the stage nor produce their plays, and the new panorama is destroyed by a storm; but the suggestiveness of the hints which we have indicated make the novel valuable to all professionals. Another capital stroke deserves mention. Mrs. Hooper's book is supposed to be written by a Paris correspondent, and is, therefore, just such a work as a Paris correspondent can easily write—a series of sketches of American characters rather than a formal novel with a plot and incidents.

The Librarian of Congress is notifying all dramatic authors and proprietors of plays who have registered titles with him that the two copies of each publication entered are required to be forwarded to his office within ten days of publication in order to perfect the copyright, and kindly forwarding official envelopes for the transmission of these copies. A great deal of expensive printing is necessary to make these notifications; but two important omissions render the letters of the Librarian useless to those whom he designs to serve. He does not state whether representation is to be officially considered as publication, nor whether manuscript copies of plays that have never been printed will comply with the requirement of the law. In most cases these omissions make his communications a mere waste of time, trouble, printing, stationery, and postage.

Puck: Considerations arising from the fact that Shakespeare is now dead prompt me to favorable notice of his work, yet it is but fair to state that he wrote R. and J. in a very different style from that in which I should have done it. Juliet, in refusing to rest by Paris' side, becomes almost a parricide: her exit would have been more effective had she been carried off by an ague—say a Mont-ague. Her fictitious death was so well planned that clerical contrivance admitted of no lay doubt as to her being laid out.

Romeo should have hoped till he oped the tomb, but, perhaps, it is now too late to suggest it. No one knew that Juliet was his wife, and wite it was so did he not send cards? He was inclined to promiscuousness in love affairs, and while agonizing in the cell about his new wife finds time to speak of "the white wonder of dead Juliet Saud."

Had the bride's father been less of a percussion Cap things would not have gone off as they did. As the play would be with a readjustment and the interpolation of these studies, there would be fitting occasion to remark that

There never was a story written yet
So sweet as Romeo and his Ju-li-et.

It is stated, in nearly all the obituary notices of Planche, that he was old enough to remember Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Miss Foote and Miss Stephens, from which I gather that it is not generally known, even in London, that Miss Stephens is still a denizen of this world and exists in the form of Lady Essex, of Belgrave Square. Of course she is very old, and, I regret to add, nearly blind, but she is one of the most charming old ladies it is possible to imagine. More than half a century has rolled away since she was delighting all London with her acting and singing, so that people may be forgiven for thinking she has joined the ranks of the great ones gone. She flourished in the palmy days of the genuine English ballad, and used to delight her hearers with the melodies "Alice Grey," "Meet Me by Moonlight Alone" and "Cherry Ripe"—melodies which have a deathless fame, and which have happily been often brought back to us of late at Mr. Boosey's Ballad Concerts.

Barrymore, in his cross-examination during the Currie trial, testified that, under his real name, Blythe, he had won the Queensbury Cup as champion amateur boxer of England. At the request of counsel, he gave an exhibition of sparring attitudes, to the great delight of the Granger jury, and was judicially complimented for his grace of motion and artistic manœuvres.

Lawrence Barrett is writing a life of Forrest, to be published by Osgood & Co., Boston. This will form one of a series of actors' biographies to be published by the same house. Edwin Booth, it is said, will write the life of the elder Booth. It will be interesting to watch the development of the lesser literary-dramatic lights.

Minnie Hauk has just aroused another burst of enthusiasm in London with her Carmen. The Times of that city calls her "the first and still unsurpassed Carmen in England"—which is probably not pleasant reading for Mme. Marie Roze, who claims to be the singer for whom the opera was originally written.

Many years ago Rossini and Wagner met. The two composers naturally talked about their art, each according to his own ideas. Rossini recalled the glories of the past; Wagner sustained with the fire of enthusiasm the new theories—the art of the future. "Well, sir," replied the composer of William Tell, with his habitual persiflage, "I see you believe yourself the prophet of a new music; I trust you will not be the martyr."

NEILSON IN THE BALCONY.

BY THERESA CORLETT.

Wondrous in beauty, magical in grace,
Intangible as spirits in a dream,
With love's soft passion dawning on her face,
She stood amidst the leaves a peerless Queen.

The murmur of her low-toned, passionate sigh
Fell like a Summer zephyr on the night,
While round her, spell-like, fell the lullaby
Of beating hearts, enhanced by rapt delight.

She spoke—it was as though a rounded string
Of pearls had snapped and fallen all around,
So soft and pure her first words whispering,
Like harps of angels tuned to low, soft sound.

In every pose what wealth of perfect grace!
What winning tenderness in those deep eyes,
As to and fro she flings the web of lace
To catch the kiss of him for whom she sighs.

Thus she entranced me, and my beating veins
Hushed themselves into rest whene'er she spake;
Mine eyelids veiled my sight, my breath held reins
Upon itself lest I should start and wake

From out the spell she flung upon my soul,
As, bending 'midst the leaves in snowy sheen,
She held my spirit in her soft control;
Peerlessly lovely—Shakespeare's matchless Queen.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

SOMETHING ABOUT HER AS AN ACTRESS, A POETESS, AND A QUEEN IN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Adah Isaacs Menken achieved a greater amount of notoriety, if not fame, in a shorter space of time than any other American actress that ever lived. At the time of her death, and she was under 30, her name was a tower of strength alike in London, New York and Paris. The singular thing is that she achieved this astounding success with histrionic gifts of the very meagerest description. Her ability certainly did not much exceed that of the ordinary walking lady, and when she played that identical line of parts in a Memphis theatre just prior to the war I have been assured by the stage manager, Mr. F. S. Keller, that he was on the point of discharging her several times for carelessness and incapacity. Although thoroughly inattentive both at rehearsal and performance, she was terribly ambitious and already had great things mapped out, principally in the direction of the legitimate. She was always crazy to play male parts, and it was with difficulty Mr. Keller persuaded her from putting up Hamlet for her benefit. She was living at this time with her first husband, an insignificant little Jew called Menken, who came from no one knew where, and after she got rid of him went back again. Her real name was Adelaide McCord and she was a native of the State of Louisiana. She was not a Jewess by birth, as many have imagined, but became one by conversion, after which she changed her name to one more in consonance with her Hebraic creed. It was some time during the war, in the early part of 1863, I believe, that she applied at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, for an engagement.

She needed money badly and was willing to play in the stock if necessary, although her earnest desire was to be starred in Mazeppa. At first the manager put her off, but business being frightfully bad, concluded to give her a chance. After mature deliberation they decided it would be cheaper to play her as a star on shares, as in that case unless expenses came in she would get nothing, whereas if they gave her a stock engagement they would be responsible for her salary whether the houses were good or bad.

Mazeppa being settled upon as the opening piece, the next thing was to get a horse, as Miss Menken in those days did not travel with such a piece of property. After a despairing search of forty-eight hours nothing suitable could be found, and the would-be star was obliged to put up with a livery hack of the most ordinary description. Her blood was up, however, and she worked faithfully with the beast, remaining with him on the stage every afternoon when the rehearsal was over, firing pistols at his ear, forcing him up the runs at his best speed, and in a general way omitting nothing which might assist him in going through his part successfully at night. When the eventful evening came the house was small, and no wonder; nobody had ever heard of Menken; Mazeppa had been played out years before, and to make matters worse the Front Street Theatre was an old tumble-down rookery in an out-of-the way location. But although the house was small it turned out to be a tremendously enthusiastic one—true Miss Menken didn't know the lines of Mazeppa—for the matter of that she never did—but she dashed through the part with great spirit, and best of all the plaudits of the audience and the glare of the footlights so wrought upon the livery back that when led out he actually reared and pawed the air in his terror and rushed up the runs with Mazeppa on his back, as if Satan was after him. A veritable Tartar of the Ukraine breed could hardly have done it better, and the triumph of the star and steed was complete. Before the week was out the theatre was crowded, and Menken was the sensation of the day. Thus, in that dingy coal-hole began that career which was to embrace both hemispheres in its conquests, and considering its limited space—only seven years—probably the most successful, pecuniarily, in the annals of the stage. Her engagement lasted four weeks to a succession of packed houses, and although her share amounted to several thousands of dollars, none of it remained when her last week was finished.

What became of her money, heaven only knows; certain it is that neither she nor any one else ever did. She would send a boy out with a ten-dollar bill to buy a paper of pins, and when he came back refuse to take any change. In fact, she would never take change from any one sent on an errand, however large the note intrusted. But even such vagaries as this would hardly account for the continued disappearance of the immense sums known to have been paid her. No one ever cared less for money, and had her income been a thousand dollars a minute she would still have been poor at the end of the hour. Her engagements were the jubilees of stage hands and supernumeraries, as her gratuities were not only untailing but universal. She always had a literary craze, and after her professional successes in London and Paris this feeling seemed to become stronger. She sought the society of noted authors, and the same personal magnetism that fascinated her audiences, willy nilly, proved no less powerful with the kings of thought.

Dickens, Dumas, and Swinburne were numbered among her intimate friends, and the singular spectacle was presented of an equestrian actress holding levees habitually frequented by the first intellects of the day. Bohemia and Belgravia were alike represented in these gatherings, and the queen of the arena became, for the nonce, the queen of the salon. In such stimulating companionship her ambitions became of a kind with her company, and she determined to write a book herself. The result was a thin volume of poems, entitled "Infelicia," and dedicated, by permission, to Charles Dickens. It received a good deal of adverse criticism at the time, but to my mind it contains a great deal of crude merit. The best poems are those which are rhymeless and, Walt Whitman-like, go to a rude, irregular rhythm of of their own, but a genuine poetic feeling is apparent everywhere. It has been several years since I have seen the book, but one line has always haunted my memory. She is talking of the promises which Love made her, only to be broken:

—promised me
That I should live with the crooked moon in her eternal beauty.

This line has for me always had an indescribable charm. Shortly after the publication of her book she returned to New York for a brief visit, and I remember her driving down Broadway in an open carriage, her raven locks blonded and powdered with diamond dust. Adah Isaacs Menken was married four times, her second and third husbands being respectively John C. Heenan, the gladiator, and Orpheus C. Kerr, the humorist. One the incarnation of brute force, the other an ideal type of the shy, shrinking, sensitive man of letters. Why one woman should at different times in her career have been attracted to men so antipodally different, I leave for others, wiser than the writer of this, to explain. Shortly after her return to Europe she died suddenly in Paris, and is buried in Pere la Chaise. While dying, she wrote her own epitaph. Sculptured on the cold stone a white hand points upward—beneath it is this simple inscription:

"Thou Knowest."

In all the literature of death, I know nothing more pathetic.

Sad Accident to Miss Neilson.

[San Francisco Post.]

Last Tuesday the dramatic critics of our contemporaries, referring to Miss Neilson's impersonation of Juliet the evening before, all stated that "the beautiful tragedienne was annoyed by a slight huskiness of voice." The next morning these purveyors of intelligence said: "We regret to announce that Miss Neilson's trifling cold has increased to a most painful thickness of utterance." The next morning the matter was represented as becoming really serious. "The severe bronchial affection with which the charming actress as been recently afflicted has become so marked as almost to destroy the intelligibility of her speech."

The cold facts, as ascertained by the representatives of this paper, however, are as follows: It seems that a few months ago Miss Neilson discovered that her hair was falling out slightly from some cause, and at once purchased a quantity of Mme. Dandruffi's Grand International Anglo-Ethiopian Aurora Borealic Hair Restorer, warranted to make hair grow profusely on any live surface (see small circulars), so wonderful was the effect of this marvelous preparation (see certificate of Czar of Russia as to full coat of hair produced on favorite Chinese hairless dog) that the actress refused to be separated from it day or night, and invariably took a small vial of it to the theatre to be rubbed on her head between the acts (it being also a sovereign remedy for headache and chilblains).

On Monday evening, by some mischance, she was handed this vial by mistake for the property bottle supposed to contain the sleepy elixir Juliet takes in the fifth act. In the excitement of acting, Miss N. did not discover the substitution until when, at the close of the scene, she became annoyed by feeling a hair in her mouth, which she in vain endeavored to dislodge. By the end of the sixth act the hair increased to twenty, and the following morning the star discovered, to her horror, that her tongue was actually covered with a glossy coat of rapidly growing hair. The effect was to give her voice an accent which would be amusing were it not an apparent presage of early strangulation. With great difficulty Miss Neilson managed to go through her part the next night, though indulging in a just-landed-at-Castle-Garden intonation astounding to her admirers, albeit much applauded by the gallery. A consultation of physicians was held, but they were unable to do anything more to the purpose than send in their bills.

At this moment a reply was received from Mme. Dandruffi, who had been telegraphed to: "Am coming out on special train with antidote. Meanwhile get shaved often." A barber was immediately called in, and the "coral-tinted tongue" of the fair Adelaide carefully shaved. By having the operation repeated each day after dinner she hopes to pull through until the needed succor arrives; though how she will make out next Sunday, when the barber shops all close at noon under the new law, heaven only knows. Fortunately, however, she does not have to play on that day. To an extra dispatch urging her to increased haste, Mme. Dandruffi replied while passing Chicago: "Hold the tongue, for I am coming!"

We shall keep our readers advised of Mme. D.'s progress and arrival, and where she locates the depot for the sale of this astonishing restorative. It does indeed seem, from the above incident, that Providence itself advertises this truly remarkable invention, which is in so much better taste than the stale newspaper artifices resorted to by the venders of spurious and inferior preparations. Parties desiring to personally inspect the above mentioned wonderful triumph of the G. I. A. E. A. B. H. R., are cordially invited to step up to Miss Neilson's rooms on the sixth floor of the Palace Hotel. She will show her tongue with pleasure from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m., inclusive. No. 9,018. Don't knock; walk right in.

STORRS-VEDDER.—The Nathal Opera Troupe has been giving performances of English comic opera in Chicago, and the critics of the town have been lavish, in their praises of the several performers, many of whom are familiar names in New York. Of Mrs. Agnes Storrs-Vedder the Daily Inter-Ocean says:—Mrs. Vedder studied under one of New York's best teachers, and comes before the public endowed with a good natural voice, full of timbre, wide in range, an attractive stage presence, and a good method. She sings conscientiously, intelligently, and accurately. Her voice and schooling are adapted to florid music. Mrs. Vedder is the niece of the Rev. Dr. Storrs of New York and a cousin of Elihu Vedder, the well-known painter. She made her debut on the operatic stage only this year, although she has sung in concerts in the East and West.

ELLEN TERRY'S PORTIA.

BY DALTON COOK.

Some four and twenty years ago, when the Princess' Theatre was under the direction of the late Charles Kean, there were included in his company two little girls who lent valuable support to the management, and whose young efforts the playgoers of the time watched with kindly and sympathetic interest, Miss Kate and Miss Ellen Terry, who were wont to appear in such plays, serious or comic, poetic or pantomimic, as needed the presence and assistance of pretty, sprightly, clever children. The sisters figured together also as the princes murdered in the tower by Charles Kean as Richard III. What miniature Hamlets they looked in their bugled black velvet trunks, silken hose and ostrich feathers! They were in mourning, of course, for their departed father, King Edward IV. My recollection of Miss Ellen Terry dates from her impersonation of the little Duke of York. She was a child of six, or thereabouts, slim and dainty of form, with profuse flaxen curls and delicately featured face curiously bright and arch of expression. The public applauded these Terry sisters, not simply because of their prettiness and cleverness, their grace of aspect, the careful training they evidenced, and the pains they took to discharge the histrionic duties intrusted to them, but because of the leaven of genius discernible in all their performances—they were born actresses. There was special pathos in the involuntary trembling of their baby fingers and the unconscious wringing of their tiny hands; their voices were particularly endowed with musically thrilling qualities. I have never seen audiences so agitated and distressed, even to the point of anguish, as were the patrons of the Princess' Theatre on those bygone nights when little Prince Arthur, personated by either of the Terry sisters, clung to Hubert's knees as the heated irons cooled in his hands, pleading passionately for sight, touchingly eloquent of voice and action; a childish simplicity attendant ever upon all the frenzy, the terror, the vehemence and the despair of the speeches and the situation. A peculiar dramatic sensitiveness and susceptibility from the first characterized the sisters Terry; their nervous organization, their mental impressibility and vivaciousness, not less than their personal charms and attractions, may be said to have ordained and determined their success upon the stage.

Charles Kean's management terminated, and for a time continuous performances of Shakespeare's plays ceased in London; the poet seemed almost to have died of being revived so elaborately. The sisters appeared in one of those duologue, so-called drawing-room entertainments, which enable the performers to assume a variety of characters, but are not so much devised in the interests of histrionic art as to conciliate and divert the benighted, half-witted folk who hold playhouses to be sinful and the players wicked. After this I remember Ellen Terry, the school-girlish heroine of a forlorn-hope management at what is now called the Royal Theatre, in Dean street—an establishment once much devoted to dramatic experiments of a desperate sort. For some years the circumstances of her private life withdrew her from the stage; happily for the public, however, she returned to the active pursuit of her profession. In 1867 she was personating a leading character in Tom Taylor's luckless drama, The Antipodes, at the Holborn Theatre, and subsequently in a rival of Tom Taylor's Still Waters Run Deep. After that I lose count of the lady's performances until I find her in 1875, playing Portia in The Merchant of Venice, at the Prince of Wales' Theatre and afterward Clara Douglas in Money, and Mrs. Vane, the young wife, in the comedy of Masks and Faces. In 1876 Miss Terry became a member of Mr. Hare's company at the Court Theatre, appearing as the heroine of Mr. Coghlan's Brothers. Since 1879, as I need not remind the reader, the actress has given her services to the Lyceum Theatre, under Mr. Irving's management, personating Ophelia, Pauline (in The Lady of Lyons) and Portia.

It followed that her personation of Portia, in 1875, was as a complete revelation to the London public. Mr. Bancroft's revival of The Merchant of Venice, it is true, for all the painstaking elegance and artistic beauty of its appointments, failed to attract remunerative audiences; but Miss Terry's Portia won general admiration. Our playgoers were amazed to find that the finished representation of the heroines of Shakespeare was still among the potentialities of the modern stage. The early promise had been nobly fulfilled; the child's histrionic genius, her instinctive sense of the dramatic, her emotional intensity, had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. The little Duke of York of the past was the Portia of the present, a consummate actress with all the refinements and resources of her art at command—dignified, tender, natural, loving, a skilled elocutionist, charming of presence, graceful of gesture, stately of movement. I must avow that no Portia I have ever seen has appeared to me so entirely in accord with the intention, spirit and poetry of Shakespeare's play as the Portia of Ellen Terry. I may add that no actress of my time has contributed so greatly to the picturesque qualities of theatrical personation, or displayed a finer sense of the æsthetic graces, the attractions and loveliness of costume. Miss Terry's Portia, Olivia, Ophelia, Pauline, and the rest were as living pictures by the grandest masters. Nor let it be supposed that this is merely the instinct of an actress young and beautiful relying upon the signal advantage of her personality to do the duty of representation and obtain a sufficiency of admiring applause. Miss Ellen Terry portrays: varying and distinguishing her personations with special inventiveness and skill.

The extraordinary success of the actress; the enthusiastic reception of her efforts, induce prompt expectation and curiosity concerning her future performances. Her Portia and Ophelia induce hope of her Beatrice and Desdemona, her Rosalind and Imogen, her Miranda and Cordelia; and why not also her Juliet? with Mr. Irving, I would suggest, not as Romeo, but as Mercutio. For Miss Terry's impersonation of the more mature and matronly of Shakesperean characters—Volumnia and the Lady Constance, Queen Catherine, Hermione, and Lady Macbeth—I am content, so far as I am concerned, to wait a while.

Gossip From the Seaside.

[Atlantic City (N. J.) Review.]

Mrs. John Drew and family are resting here. She pays especial attention to her daughter, Mrs. Barrymore, and babe. Manager George E. Goodwin will be seen here frequently during the Summer. Frank Bangs will vacillate between Atlantic City and New York. W. H. Daly, now the active manager of the Chestnut Street Theatre, will come down here in the course of a week or two, accompanied by his genial little wife, professionally known as Annabel Dudley. Of course John L. Carncross will make Congress Hall his Summer home for himself and family, as he has done for many years past, and Hughey Dougherty and several other prominent minstrels will collect and swap melancholy gags by the sad sea waves. Maurice Barrymore, of Wallack's Theatre, who has but recently returned from Texas, will spend a part of July here with his wife, Georgie Drew. Anna Dickinson will recruit her energies here for a short time. Emma Maddern, of Fanny Davenport's company, and her pretty little niece, Minnie Maddern, who did Clip in Barney Macauley's Messenger from Jarvis Section, have been here for nearly a month, and will remain until late in the season.

May Davenport of the New York Criterion Company will Summer here, and F. F. Mackay will also come down for awhile. Roland Reed, once a call-boy at the Walnut Street Theatre and last season the leading male attraction of the Colville Folly Company, will leave Chicago about the middle of July and spend a week or two here. Bartley Campbell is said to be writing a play to fit him and Francis Wilson, formerly of the Chestnut, but now of Mitchell's Pleasure party, playing to big business at Haverly's New York Theatre. Mr Wilson will also come to Atlantic at the close of his season in New York in the latter part of this month. Lizzie Creese, of Mary Anderson's company, will probably be here some time this month with Victoria Creese, who has been measuring juvenile abilities with Lillie Hinton, the Philadelphia Museum prodigy. Mattie Earle, also a former Museum favorite, who goes out next season with Sol Smith Russell's play of Edgewood Folks, will spend a portion of the Summer in the sand of our beach. Harry Custer Kennedy, lately of Miss Anderson's company, has already begun to bronze in our sun. Charley Harkinson, fresh from Boston, who goes with Chanfrau next year, may be recognized every evening on the board walk, or anywhere else where the dear creatures congregate. Frank Vernon is creating daily panics among the small children and dogs on the beach, where he appears in a pirate costume of the most traditional gorgeous type. Frank Connelly, the author of a new extravaganza which will be put upon the road next season with the popular George Denham and Blanche Chapman in the leading parts, will run down from Philadelphia occasionally. Nellie Barbour will spend a week with us, and a large number of other known and unknown ladies and gentlemen of rank and file of the Thespian army will come to see us.

THE VARIETY THEATRES.

The ever-popular Pat Rooney assumes the management of the London for this week and presents a carefully-selected company of variety people in the customary round of popular novelties. The performance commences with Saville and Byrne's musical act, followed by the vocalisms of Nellie Parker; the specialty changes of Elise Kruger; the well-worn but popular songs, dances and imitations of the American Four, Pettengill, Gale, Daly and Hoey; Max Arnold's Dutch songs; a sketch by Add Weaver and Nellie Parker; Ada Forest's serio-comic songs; and last, but most emphatically not the least, comes the favorite Pat himself, in a melange of his well known eccentricities. The company combine in a sketch called The Arrival of Gilbert, which concludes the bill.

The business at the Volks', even at this season when theatricals are nearly at a standstill, has justified Manager Gieselberg's putting on an unusually strong force of fun-producers for the week. How I Used Casey is a sketch at the head of the bill, in which John McVicker shows his peculiar talent to excellent advantage; Howard and Coyne, in a new sketch; Ceni Havre, serio-comic; Foreman and Lord, Ethiopians; Willis Pickert, clog dancer; Rob V. Ferguson and Sallie Mason in The French Dancing-Master act; Frank Jones and Alice Montague, musical artists, in a pleasing monologue of specialties; and Major Burke, the military man, who has made quite a sensation in his unique performance with musket and rifle. John McVicker produces his Irish comedy, entitled Vim, as an afterpiece.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

—J. Rosenbaum is busy arranging the route of the Leavitt specialty troupe.

—Tabor's Opera House, Denver, will receive its finishing touches by October.

—C. L. Davis closed a season of forty-two weeks at Youngstown, O., on the 26th.

—The Sultan of Mocha will be the opening piece with the Roosevelt Opera company.

—Alice Hutchings, who possesses a sweet voice, is to travel with the Tourists next season.

—B. Tecker, of the Lancaster (Pa.) Opera House, called on M. B. Leavitt in London the other day.

—Tony Pastor will dedicate Heuck's Opera House when rebuilt, Aug. 21. Work on the building is being rapidly pressed.

—C. A. Potter has been re-engaged as business agent by the manager of "The Wilkinsons," this being his third season.

—Harry Greenwall and S. S. Ashe left for Texas last Saturday. Dave Peyser will represent them for the balance of the season.

—A. M. Palmer will send out a strong company next season, playing The False Friend. C. R. Gardner is making the dates.

—Dan Hopkins, having left "The Widow Bedott" party, has arrived here, and will shortly become business-manager of Haverly's Lyceum Theatre.

—Johnny Rogers will manage Baker and Fasson in America next season. They will arrive about Christmas and will return to England sometime in March.

—Frank Robson has engaged through Simmonds & Brown for the Wallace Sisters A. H. Beverly, comedian; Mrs. Mallon, old-woman, and E. G. Spangler, leading.

—Wambold having retired from the San Francisco Minstrels on account of ill-health, Mr. Charles Bernard, the best and most pompous of middlemen—interlocutors we call them now—will resume his old place in the troupe next season.

—But two copies of the D. N. find their way into the State of Texas every week. One of those is taken by its Galveston correspondent. Manager Ashe says that THE MIRROR is the only dramatic paper to be found on sale in that section of the country.

—J. H. Haverly's Widow Bedott party is en-route to California. They play four weeks in Locke's Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, commencing Aug. 2, Neil Burgess is rapidly making a fortune out of it—so is Haverly.

—Jeanie Jewell's Mosaics, a novel entertainment, suited for the stage, platform and drawing-room, is from the pen of Charles Barnard of Scribner's Monthly, and is in that pleasing author's happiest vein. Address J. S. Vale, American Literary Bureau, Cooper Institute, New York.

—Clinton Hall's Company in his jolly comedy The Strategists will compose the following artists for season of 1880–'81: Clinton Hall, Mattie Vickers, Charles Rogers, Charles A. Gardner, Emily Stone, Lizzie Newell, T. J. Hind, L. C. Howard, James Kearney, F. S. Meredith, Charles Melville, Business Manager; James Bogh, Advertising Agent; C. W. Richardson, Treasurer; Prof. Kinney, Leader.

—Pierre Bernard and wife (Mrs. Carolme Richings-Bernard) have determined to make Richmond, Va., their future home, and have accepted an engagement in the choir of Grace Episcopal Church and at the Baptist Female Institute, in that city. They will occupy their leisure time in giving vocal instructions to private pupils. Mr. Bernard will also be connected with the Mozart Association, of Richmond, in some prominent position.

—Maggie Mitchell has engaged for next season the following company: F. Fulton Russell, R. F. McClannin, A. C. Enos, Rufus Scott, Julian Mitchell, Joseph Bradford, G. F. Carlisle, J. H. Redding, C. F. Menton, Mrs. Marion, P. Clifton, Annie Mortimer, Lettie Allen, Mrs. Rufus Scott and Annie Hopkins; Charles Mitchell, agent; A. Rossner, leader of orchestra, and H. T. Paddock, manager.

SEEING PATTI.—"In attending the opera on Wednesday evening," writes a critic with a partiality for the plural personal pronoun, "we have heard the great 'Patti.' Her sweet, flute-like voice made 'cold chills' creep up and down the 'gamut' of our back and ribs, as if the notes were echoing their deep feelings on a new human Æolian harp. But when in answer to an encore 'Home, Sweet Home' was delivered in a manner so touching, and with such feeling, we could hardly restrain the tears from flowing. And the prices—phew! £2 6s., or nearly $12 for a seat where a 'claw-hammer' was the only coat allowed. And one must pay for the programme also—one shilling, or twenty-five cents, at the opera, and at the theatre from one penny to sixpence for the privilege of reading the cast of the play. Another 'skin' game is charging a sixpence, or twelve cents per seat for 'booking,' as they term it here, as we say, engaging a seat for a performance."

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NOTICE!

All Contracts and Negotiations now pending relative to the appearances of

FREDERICK PAULDING,

the coming season, must be considered cancelled.

The continued ill health of Mr. Paulding's mother necessitates this early notice to Managers who have kindly offered time.

H. C. SMART,
Business Manager.

"PLAIN ENGLISH."

[London Era.]

Mr. John Hollingshead has written, and Messrs. Chatto and Windus have published, under the above title, a volume which certainly contains some very plain English indeed, for the author, on the first page, speaks of himself as "a licensed dealer in legs, short skirts, French adaptations, Shakespeare, taste, and the musical glasses;" and his English is equally plain when he says that the manager in the privacy of his study "will admit that no particular training in literature and art is necessary for the good government of a theatre, but precisely those qualities that make a successful cheesemonger." Nor can we doubt the plainness of the English when Mr. Hollingshead speaks of plays and players. He certainly wastes few words in compliments. He says: "The days have long passed when every actor had a repertory of twenty parts, in every one of which he was ready to appear at an hour's notice. Each actor in our time only plays about one part a year, is drilled by machinery, and goes on till the springs run down, like a piece of Swiss clockwork. In the selection of his plays, or rather authors, his choice will be much more limited. If he shows any hesitation, it cannot arise from the variety of material at his disposal. He will find that there are fifty theatres, more or less, in London, and only about three dramatic authors. He will treat these gentlemen with great respect, and wait his turn to be served, like a Duchess at a civil service store. He will buy his dramatic pigs in a poke, and pay what is asked without a murmur. Occasionally he will get a piece from a French source, which he will either steal or pay for in a prodigal manner; and having secured it, he will place it in the hands of one of the two recognized adapters, etc."

With many of Mr. Hollingshead's complaints of the restrictions of the stage we agree. He is quite right, of course, in saying that many things prohibited on the stage are freely tolerated elsewhere, but is he right in wilfully lowering the tone of the stage and holding it up to ridicule as he does? We think not. If Mr. Hollingshead follows the example of a cheesemonger in some things, why not in all? The shopkeeper is far too wise to speak disrespectfully of his own goods. He strives to make the public believe that no shop in the neighborhood can equal his "double Gloucester," and he never even hints that there is a suspicion of butcher's fat in his "mild Dorset." Unlike the manager, he makes the most of his eggs, and does not tell the customer when they were laid, and if the purchaser will stand it he disposes of Canadian hams as "best York." Happily for the playgoer, Mr. Hollingshead does not follow the example of the cheesemonger in pushing off inferior wares. He gives an entertainment good of its kind, and when he finds a piece will not go he does not, like some shortsighted managers, force it upon the public, but promptly accepts their verdict, and with all possible speed produces something better. This reminds us of another of Mr. Hollingsheads peculiarities as a manager. He will readily accept the verdict of the public and withdraw a feeble piece; but no matter how bad it may be, he objects to a newspaper writer telling him of it. He has had some very bitter things to say against writers and critics who have mildly hinted that some of his pieces were feeble and ineffective. Mr. Hollingshead seems to insinuate that a newspaper critic who sees a hundred new pieces in the course of a year must, as a natural consequence, know rather less about the drama than other people, who merely go occasionally to be amused, and who don't care a pin for the elevation of the stage. Now, it is hard upon the press to visit it with such severe displeasure, especially as Mr. Hollingshead has less reason than most managers to complain of the manner in which he has been treated by the press. We could instance scores of cases where he has been handled with extreme gentleness and consideration. If, however, he places such a low estimate on the abilities of the press and has no reliance on its verdict, it is rather strange that the run or the withdrawal of his pieces should so often coincide with the opinions these weak-witted but frequently true prophets express.

When Mr. Hollingshead speaks out against some of the follies and imbecilities of those who take up the Stage as a medium for airing their own peculiar views, we can follow him with pleasure. He is severe, and with reason, upon the absurd way in which the manager is lectured and advised by those who know nothing of the Stage. Even the well-meant intentions of the Church are, he says, no less an impertinence. "'In a country,' as the French philosopher said, 'which has forty religions and only one fish sauce,' it is just possible that many people may question the right of any one Church to call itself THE Church. The Stage may and does call itself THE Stage, as the members of the Dramatic Profession call themselves THE Profession; but the right of one Church to ignore all other Churches is much more open for serious discussion. The newly-born fancy of this one Church for the Stage and its followers is not a compliment to the latter. It is about on a level with the politeness of a man in the gutter who thrusts a tract into your hands on the presumption that you are going headlong to the Devil." Mr. Hollingshead speaks of his "rusty pen and cobweb inkstand," and surely there must be something in that to account for his singular manner of bookmaking. Here we have a volume of "Plain English," made up of all sorts of odd scraps, old letters to newspapers and periodicals, etc. It is a perfect medley, dealing with theatricals in one chapter, "T mfoolery in Lent" in another, memorials of popular actors, fires in theatres, the Theatre Français, the electric light, eccentric tales, etc. The article, "The First Theatre in Europe," is rather amusing when we compare the manager's account of what he saw with some recent results of the system of the Theatre Français, and the ruptures between the Society and its most popular members. The suspicions whether the regulations of the Theatre Français would be fitted for engrafting upon English insiitutions have, of late, been frequently echoed, and after a great deal of fulsome nonsense we are gradually coming round to the idea that English ways are best for English people. Where we are most at issue with Mr. Hollingshead is in his flippant generalities about the Stage. Nothing is easier than for a manager to make smart "copy" out of the imperfections of the Stage, the shortcomings of authors, the ambition of actors, and the one-sided views of the outside world respecting what passes behind the footlights. Mr. Hollingshead is hardly justified in casting a slur upon the Stage at a time when so many earnest advocates, zealous managers, and aspiring actors are doing their utmost to raise it higher, and to present a purer and more artistic form of entertainment. Mr. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and Messrs. Hare and Kendal amongst others may be named as having little in common with the "cheesemongery" idea that finds so much favor with Mr. Hollingshead, who, while he astonishes and amuses us, certainly fails to convince us. We firmly believe that the playgoer is ready to second the manager who discards the mere vulgar shopkeeping idea of stage management, else why have Mr. Irving and Miss Litton secured for two of Shakespeare's plays the longest run on record?

We confess we should have read "Plain English" with far greater admiration if the author, instead of satire, had employed his pen and his talent and experience in showing us how the stage can be raised in public estimation. No doubt it must be irritating at times to hear and to read the wild suggestions made by persons who really know nothing of the stage. As Mr. Hollingshead says: — "The theatrical manager's occupation is easy and agreeable, far beyond that of most occupations, because he has so many people to advise him and take an interest in his affairs. The soap-boiler in the city and the Government clerk at the West-end have no misgiving as to their power of directing his faltering footsteps. Sixty newspapers, more or less, seem to be written, printed, and published for no other purpose than to point out to him the many pitfalls in his path. Not only newspapers of an artistic character are amongst his friends, but trade journals leave their more serious affairs to watch over his trivialities."

Still the presiding genius of the Gaiety Theatre is far too keen a man of the world not to be aware that the articles in the sixty newspapers and the discussions of the soap-boiler and the Government clerk make capital advertisements for the theatre. His typical cheesemonger would be, indeed, rejoiced if he could get his "streaky" and Stilton, his sausages and lard, so well and so cheaply advertised, and it is only "plain English" to remark that there is quite as much o be said against Mr. Hollingshead's views as in their favor. It is more in sorrow than in anger that we turn from the pages of this eccentric volume—sorrow that a gentleman of such unquestionable ability should put together such a curious collection of odds and ends and call it "Plain English; "and in sorrow most of all that he should set no higher value on the position of English manager than to reduce it to the level of dealers in bacon and cheese—estimable people doubtless, but possessing only a slight regard for the drama and its interpreters.

Charles Fechter's Books.

The library of the late Charles Fechter has fallen into the hands of a second-hand book firm. It is a curious collection. Altogether here are three or four hundred volumes of books and several large baskets full of manuscript plays and as many sheets of music. The most valuable of the books are French works relating to the stage and to costumes. Looking at these books, it is not difficult to see where Fechter got his ideas of dress representation in his various plays. There is everything among them that an actor could desire in the way of information as to modes of dress at different periods of time in various countries. The most complete of these, perhaps, is a French work, in thirty-one volumes, entitled "A History of Costumes," comprising the styles of dress of the people of every nation in the world. Then there is another work, in three volumes, containing the different costumes of the people of all modern nations. There is still another work on the costumes in France of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and yet another on the costumes of France from the earliest times down to about 1845. All these works are replete with finely-colored engravings and when first published must have commanded large prices.

Next to these perhaps the most valuable are the works of Shakespeare—three copies altogether. The most costly of these is a large old-style print book in polished calf, about fifteen inches long by ten wide. It is the first reprint of Shakespeare and a facsimile of the first edition. On the title page are the following:

Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. London. Printed by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount, 1623.

Another edition contains only the comedies of Shakespeare. But it contains the finest lot of engravings perhaps in the whole collection. Some of these engravings in the first part of the book are of an allegorical character, as beautiful in their conception as in their execution. One represents "The Infant Shakespeare Attended by Nature and the Passions;" another "Shakespeare Nursed by Tragedy and Comedy;" again, "Shakespeare Between Poetry and Painting." Throughout the whole book there are illustrations of the characters in various situations in each play.

Fechter's former predilection toward architecture caused him to gather together some important and valuable works in this line, most all of a French character. The most valuable is a large book containing engravings of all the modern theatres in Europe, together with comparisons of their stage machinery and other various forms of mechanism. There are many smaller books on the art of building, some of them containing fine engravings.

Less noticeable, but more prized, perhaps, are the numerous presentation copies from various brother artists and men of letters found in the collection. First is a small, partly-corrected copy of Wilkie Collins' "No Name," with one side of each leaf blank, and containing sixty-one pages. At the head of the title-page is this writing, containing the author's signature in a small, fine hand:

SAT., Nov'r 12, 1879.
Only partly corrected. Corrected copies to follow in a week. W. C.

Below is the title, "No Name, in four acts. Published by the author. 90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square. 1870."

Among the other presentation copies is one from Edwin Booth. It is "The Tragedian. An Essay on the histrionic Genius of Junius Brutus Booth, by Thomas R. Gould."

Below the title, in Edwin Booth's handwriting, are these words:

To Charles Fechter, Esq.,
With the kind regards of
Edwin Booth.
N. Y., Jan'y, 1870.

Another item of interest in the collection is a manuscript play entitled "In the Toils," adapted by John Brougham, being all in his handwriting and containing his signature.

A large number of the books have Fechter's autograph in them and many of them are marked: "Adapted by and the property of Charles Fechter." There is "Ruy Blas, a melodrama in 3 acts," together with a little old paper-backed prompt-book. There is also "The Corsican Brothers," "The Master of Ravenswood," the first and last of which are marked: "Adapted by and the property of Charles Fechter."

The books comprise with a few exceptions the library of Fechter, and has been purchased from Miss Lizzie Price, the administratrix of the estate.

Traditions in Acting.

Mlle. Sara Bernhardt has an arduous task before her. Last year she appeared as one of a famous company that was supposed to have a monopoly of the traditions of French dramatic art in its highest phase. Each gesture and intonation of the humblest "super" was studied and refined. Genius begins where rules end. The aim of the Comedie Française has been to attain perfection by means of rules. The result has been that much that is bad has come to be regarded as excellent, because a conventional rather than a natural standard of excellence has been created. The performers had learned their lesson, and they repeated it correctly. They did not pretend to portray what a person would do under the influence of any particular feeling, but rather what some other artiste had done in bygone days; and it was taken for granted that improvement on their models was impossible. The effect to most people of the performances of this clever troupe of well-trained school-children was depressing. Few, however, ventured to say so, for if they did they were told that they showed a lamentable want of good taste. Le bon gout has been for unnumbered years the bugbear of French critics. Voltaire, who had intelligence enough to perceive the genius of Shakespeare, sadly complained of his want of bon gout. The courtiers of Napoleon the Great deplored that their master was engaged in a perpetual war against le bon gout, and were of opinion that the successive defeats that this bogie inflicted on him would tarnish, if not utterly destroy, his glory with future generations. Le bon gout inflicted upon Europe artificial gardens and huge and hideous palaces during the reign of Louis XIV.; it converted "society" into shepherds and shepherdesses in the days of his successor, and forced on Europe during the first French Empire an absurd adaptation in dress and furniture of Greek art. Le bon gout has ever been the bitter enemy of all individuality and of all progress.

The French are endowed with great natural histrionic talent; but it is only because they have occasionally rebelled against the bon gout in which French literary critics would imprison them that they have managed to avoid being the most dismal of bores on the stage. Mediocrity will always swear by le bon gout, because it enables mediocrity to hold its own and to ape the airs of genius. I do not hesitate to say that a classic play performed by that most classic of companies which visited us last year was as wearisome a penance as ever refined and respectable commonplace inflicted upon humanity. Had it not been that Mlle. Sara Bernhardt was one of the company, and that, to the horror and indignation of her associates, she set tradition at defiance, and dared to give effect to her own conceptions of the characters that she acted, neither the patronage of royalty nor the notion that it was the correct thing to be bored in French would have filled the Gaiety Theatre. In vain M. De Sarcey, one of the high priests of French histriomc bon gout, came over to lecture us upon our bad taste in preferring Mlle. Bernhardt to the other members of the company; we troubled ourselves little about the strictures of this gentleman, but, having formed our own opinion, declined to give it up at his bidding.—[London Truth.

"Widow Bedott" in Denver.

Republican: "Haverly has been bringing into the West some of the best companies that ever struck our boards; but this Widow Bedott Comedy Company, directly from Haverly's New York Theatre, is the strongest, best balanced and most complete in all its parts and accessories that ever appeared among us. Neil Burgess is immense as the Widow, and is well supported. There is not a weak performer nor a 'stick' in the entire party."

News: "If the success of a comedy can be fairly estimated by the number of laughs in it, The Widow Bedott has before it assured prosperity not only during its short stay in Denver, but wherever it may be played. Last night the house was convulsed with laughter from the time the curtain rose until the close of the last act. The acting of the part of the Widow, by Mr. Neil Burgess, is an excellent piece of eccentric character business. The constant use of the saying, 'Great guns!' is very amusing from its ludicrous relation to the sentences to which it is applied."

Tribune: "The dampness and muddy streets did not keep a large audience from the Opera House last evening, and the first presentation of Widow Bedott to Denver was as much of a success financially as its confident manager had predicted. The audience was a fine one and enjoyed the piece thoroughly. It's an exceedingly funny thing and will have a great run in Denver. The card, of course, is Neil Burgess as the Widow, whose assumption of the character is inimitable; it has been a study and does not strike us as being acting, but rather as a natural person."

When women enter the ranks as intelligent critics of the higher order of literature, many questions are observed under a new light. Thus, upon the old and trite subject of Shakespearean criticism, Harriet Martineau wrote in her private note-book: "I read Katherine and Petruchio with the same effect that play ever has—wonder at its fun and cleverness, and much enjoyment thereof, but intolerable pain at the treatment of Katherine. Such a monstrous infringement of all rights, leading to such an abominable submission, makes one's blood boil as much as if it were not a light comedy, but a piece of history."

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